

THE
SCORNFULL
LADY.

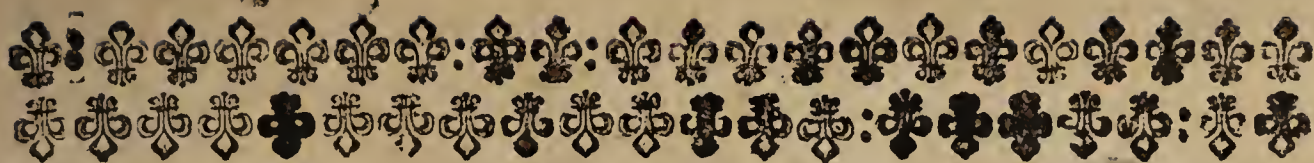
A COMEDY.

As it was Acted (with Great Applause)
by the late KINGS MAJESTIES
Servants, at the *Black-Fryers*.

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT.
AND
JOHN FLETCHER. } Gentlemen.

The sixt Edition, Corrected and Amended.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, and are to be sold at his Shop at
the *Princes Armes* in *St. Pauls Church-yard*, 1651.



The Actors are these.

Elder LOVELESSE, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Young LOVELESSE, *a Prodigall.*

SAVILL, *Steward to the Elder LOVELESSE.*

LADY, and } *Two Sisters.*
MARTHA, }

YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, *a waiting Gentlewoman.*

WELFORD, *a Suter to the Lady.*

Sir ROGER, *Curate to the Lady.*

A } CAPTAIN,
TRAVELLER, } *hangers on to Young*
POET, } LOVELESSE.
TOBACCO-MAN, }

Wenches.

Fidlers.

MORECRAFT, *an Usurer.*

A Rich Widdow.

Attendants.

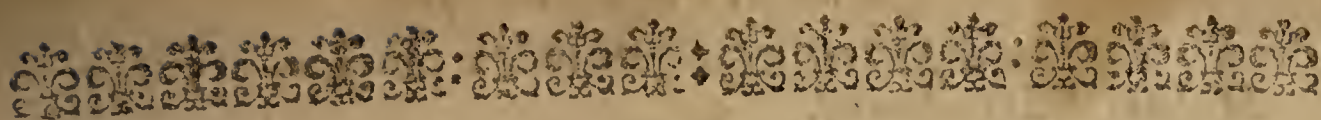
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES
SIR,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the late Mr. [Name] and to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Signature]

Very truly,
[Signature]



THE Scornfull Lady.

A COMEDY.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Enter the two Lovelesses, Savill the Steward, and a Page.

Elder Lov.

B Rother, is your last hope past to mollifie Morecrafts heart about your Morgage?

Yo. Lov. Hopelessly past: I have presented the Usurer with a richer draught then ever *Cleopatra* swallowed; he hath suck't in ten thousand pounds worth of my Land, more then he paid for at a gulpe, without Trumpets.

Fl. Lov. I have as hard a task to perform in this house.

Yo. Lov. Faith mine was to make an Usurer honest, or to loose my Land.

El. Lov. And mine is to perswade a passionate woman, or to leave the Land.

Yo. Lov. Make the Boat stay. I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night, though the darknesse of the night, and the roughnesse of the waters might easily dissuade an unwilling man.

Sav. Sir, your Fathers old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home, marry, and propagate, and govern in your Country, then to travell and dye without issue.

El. Lov. Savill, You shall gain the opinion of a better Servant, in seeking to execute, not alter my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

Yo. Lov. Yonder's Mistris *Abigail* Brother, the grave rubber of your Mistris toes:

Enter

The Scornfull Lady.

Enter Mistris Abigail, the Waiting-woman.

El. Lov. Mistris Abigail.

Abig. Master Lovelesse, truly we thought your sayles had been hoist: my Mistris is perswaded you are Sea-sick ere this.

El. Lov. Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

Abig. By this light that shines, there's no removing her; if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to day when they say a woman can deny nothing.

El. Lov. What critical minute was that?

Abig. When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung about her heels.

El. Lov. I prethee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment, and then for France.

Abig. Ile do't: hark hither, is that your Brother?

El. Lov. Yes, have you lost your memory?

Abig. As I live he's a pretty fellow.

To. Lov. O this is a sweet Brache:

El. Lov. Why she knows not you.

To. Lov. No, but she offered me once to know her: to this day she loves youth of eighteen; she heard a Tale how *Cupid* struck her in love with a great Lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindnesse would needs wear a Willow Garland at his Wedding. She lov'd all the Players in the last Queens time once over: She was strook when they Acted Lovers, and forsook some when they Played Murtherers. She has nine *Spurroyals*, and the Servants say she hoards old gold; and she her self pronounces angerly, that the Farmers eldest Son, or her Mistris husbands Clark shall be, that marries her, shall make her a Joynture of fourscore pounds a year; she tells Tales of the Serving-men.

El. Lov. Enough, I know her Brother. I shall intreat you only to salute my Mistris, and take leave, we'l part at the stairs.

Enter Lady, and Waiting-woman.

Lady. Now Sir, this first part of your will is performed: what's the rest?

El. Lov. First, let me beg your notice, for this Gentleman my Brother.

Lady. I shall take it as a favour done to me, though the Gentleman hath received but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer curtesies as a stranger, then upon those cold commendations.

To. Lov.

The Scornfull Lady.

To. Lov. Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance, and leave at once.

Lady. Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions.

Exit Young Lovelesse, Savill.

El. Lov. Would I were so. Mistris, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world, and you your self can see.

Lady. It's a cold room this; Servant.

El. Lov. Mistris,

Lady. What think you, if I have a Chimney for't out here?

El. Lov. Mistris another in my place, that were not tyed to believe all your actions just; would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience.

Lady. *Abigail*, make a good fire above to warm me, after my Servants *Exordiums*.

El. Lov. I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the Servants you give wages to may speak.

Lady. 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to th' purpose.

El. Lov. Mistris, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But as a man ———

Lady. A *Simile* Servant? This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for *Exordiums*, and *Similies*, and *Metaphors*? If you have ought to say, break into't: my answers shall very reasonably meet you.

El. Lov. Mistris I came to see you.

Lady. That's happily dispatcht, the next.

El. Lov. To take leave of you. *Lady.* To be gone. *El. Lov.* Yes.

Lady. You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command; is there a third?

El. Lov. I had a third, had you been apt to hear it.

Lady. I? never apter, Fast (good Servant) fast.

El. Lov. 'Twas to entreat you to hear reason.

Lady. Most willingly: have you brought one that can speak it?

El. Lov. Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart, love and forgiveness.

Lady. You would stay at home.

El. Lov. Yes Lady.

Lady. Why you may, and doubtlesly will, when you have debated, that your Commander is but your Mistris, a woman a weake one, wildely overborn with passions: but the thing by her commanded, is to see *Dovers* dreadfull Cliffe, passing in a poore Water-house; the dangers of the mercilesse Channell, twixt that and *Callis*, five long

The Scornfull Lady.

long hours sayle, with three poor weeks victuals.

El. Lov. You wrong me.

La. Then to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English hoast, to remove from City to City, by most chargable posthorse like one that rode in quest of his Mother-tongue.

El. Lov. You wrong me much.

La. And all these (almost invincible labours) performed for your Mistris, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French Lady, who is content to change language with your laughter, and after your whole year spent in Tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazzard of being laught at your return, and have Tales made on you by the Chamber-maids.

El. Lov. You wrong me much.

La. Lowder yet.

El. Lov. You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toyes: but in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: was one kisse forc't from you in publick, by me so unpardonable? Why all the hours of day and night have seen us kisse.

La. 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide.

El. Lov. Your own eyes were not dearer to you then I.

La. And so you told um.

El. Lov. I did, yet no signe of disgrace need to have stayn'd your cheek: you your self, knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least basenesse.

La. I did: But if a Maids heart doth but once thinke that she is suspected her own face will write her guilty.

El. Lov. But where lay this disgrace? The world that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop't, that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpetuall bondage with one I never kist? or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her Husband.

La. Beleeve me, if my wedding smock were on,
Were the Gloves bought and given, the Licence come,
Were the Rosemary branches dipt, and all
The Hipocrasse and Cakes eate and drunk off;
Where these two armes encompass with the hands
Of Batchelors, to lead me to the Church;
Were my feet in the door, were I *John*, said;
If *John* should boast a favour done by me,
I would not wed that yeare: And you I hope,

When

The Scornfull Lady.

When you have spent this year commodiously,
In atchieving Languages, will at your return
Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mi.
Then such a Friend: More talk I hold not now,
If you dare, go.

Elder Lov. I dare you know: First let me kisse.

Lady. Farewell sweet servant; your task perform
On a new ground, as a beginning Suter,
I shall be apt to hear you.

Elder Lov. Farewell cruel Mistris.

E. Lady.

Enter Young Lovelesse and Savill.

Young Lov. Brother you'l hazzard the losing your Tide to *Gravefend*: you have a long half mile by land to *Greenwich*.

Elder Lov. I go: but Brother, what yet unheard of course to live, doth your imagination flatter with you? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

Young Lov. Course, why Horse-courfing I think: consume no time in this: I have no estate to be mended by meditation: he that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said, to busie himself about nothing.

Elder Lov. Yet some course you must take, which for my satisfaction resolve and open: If you will shape none, I must inform you, that man but perswades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

To. Lov. Why Ile live upon others, as others have lived upon me.

Elder Lov. I apprehend not that; you have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of um: and the same measure must you expect from your maintainers, which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

Young Lov. Why, Ile Purse, if that raise me not, Ile Bet at Bowling-allies, or Man Whores; I would fain live by others: but Ile live whilst I am unhang'd, and after the thoughts taken.

Elder Lov. I see you are ty'd to no particular imployment then.

Young Lov. Faith I may choose my course: they say nature brings forth none, but she provides for them; Ile try her liberality.

Elder Lov. Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous pathes, I have resolved, you shall live as Master of my House. It shall be your care *Savill*, to see him fed and clothed, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

Young Lov. If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in Carnation, jersie Stockings, blue Devils breeches, with the guards down,

The Scornfull Lady.

and my pocket i'th sleeves, Ile neer look you i'th face again.

Sav. A comelier wear I wisse it is, then those dangling floss.

El. Lo. To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably; I leave these further directions in writing, which at your best leisure together, open and read.

Enter Abigail to them with a Jewell.

Abig. Sir, my Mistris commends her love to you in this token, and these words; It is a Jewell (she sayes) which as a favour from her she would request you to wear, till your years travail be performed: which once expired, she will happily expect your happy return:

El. Lo. Return my service with such thanks, as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly over-joyed man, would willingly utter; and you (I hope I shall with slender arguments perswade to wear this Diamond; that when my Mistris shall through my long absence, and the approach of new Sutors, offer to forget me, you may cast your eye down to your finger, and remember, and speak of me: she will hear thee better then those allied by birth to her: as we see many men much swayed by the Grooms of their Chambers, not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion on them, as on others, but for they know their secrets.

Abig. A my credit I swear, I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other Sutors.

Elder Love: I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning, you know how to take exception at their shirts at washing, or to make the Maids swear they found Plaisters in their bed.

Abig. I know, I know, and do you not fear the Sutors.

Eld. Lo. Farewell, be mindfull, and be happy: the night calls me.

Exeunt omnes præter Abigail.

Abig. The gods of the winds befriend you sir; a constant and a liberal Lover thou art, more such God send us.

Enter Welford.

Wel. Let um not stand still, we have rid.

Abig. A Sutor I know by his riding hard, Ile not be seen.

Wel. A pretty Hall this: No Servant in't? I would look freshly.

Abig. You have delivered your errand to me then: ther's no danger in a handsome young fellow: Ile shew my self.

Wel. Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger, the ordinary grace of salutation: Are you the Lady of this house?

Abig. Sir I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

Wel. Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours; did not

not my so late acquaintance make me despair.

Abig. Sir, it is not so hard to atcheive, but nature may bring it about.

Well. For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your Lady at home? *Abig.* She is no stragler sir.

Wel. May her occasions admit me to speak with her?

Abig. If you come in the way of a Sutor, No.

Wel. I know your affable virtue will be moved to perswade her; that a Gentleman benighted and strayed, offers to be bound to her for a nights lodging.

Abig. I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded: other women of the house-hold's of good carriage and government, upon any of which, if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, though not so coy. *Exit Abigail.*

Wel. What a skin full of lust is this? I thought I had come a wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right Court-fashion: Men, Women, and all wooe, catch that catch may. If this soft hearted woman have infused any of her tenderneffe into her Lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

Enter Sir Roger the Curate.

Rog. God save you sir: My Lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she conferre with you?

Wel. Sir my name calls me *Welford*.

Rog. Sir, you are a Gentleman of a good name. Ile try his wit:

Wel. I will uphold it as good as any of my Ancestors had this two hundred years sir.

Roger. I knew a worshipful and a religious Gentleman of your name in the Bishoprick of *Durham* Call'd you him Cousen?

Wel. I am only allied to his vertues sir.

Roger. It is modestly said: I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

Wel. What's that, a Crosse? there's a tester.

Roger. I mean the name which your Godfathers and Godmothers gave you at the Font.

Wel. 'Tis *Harry*: but you cannot proceed orderly now in your Catechisme: for you told me who gave me that name.

Shall I beg your name?

Rog. Roger:

Wel. What room fill you in this house?

Rog. More rooms then one.

Wel. The more the merrier: But may my boldnesse know why

why your Lady hath sent you to decipher my name?

Rog. Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly denied Sutor, disguised in this message: for I can assure you she delights not in *Thalame*: *Himen* and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. *Exit Roger.*

Wel. And much speed sir, I hope: certainly I am arrived amongst a Nation of New found fooles, on a Land where no Navigator has yet planted wit; if I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with Balls, Knives, Copper, and Glasses, to trade with women for their Virginities: yet I fear, I should have betrayed my self to needlesse charge then: here comes the walking Night-cap again. *Enter Roger.*

Rog. Sir, my Ladies pleasure is to see you: who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

Wel. I shall obey your Lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your Arts Master.

Rog. I am but a Bachelor of Art, Sir; and I have the mending all under this roof, from my Lady on her Down-bed, to the Maid in the Pease-straw. *Wel.* A Cobler Sir?

Rog. No Sir, I do inculcate Divine Homilies within these Walls:

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often imploy you on errands without any scruple of conscience.

Rog. Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles for Egges; but why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Rog. Most properly Sir.

Wel. I pray you do so then: and whilst I will attend your Lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

Rog. I do Sir.

Wel. And this door I hope conducts to your Lady?

Rog. Your understanding is ingenuous.

Exit severally.

Enter Young Lovelesse, and Savill, with a writing.

Sav. By your favour Sir, you shall pardon me.

Young Lov. I shall bear your favour Sir, crosse me no more; I say, they shall come in. *Sav.* Sir you forget then who I am?

Young Lov. Sir, I do not; thou art my Brothers Steward, his cast off Mill-money, his Kitchin Arithmetick.

Sav. Sir, I hope you will not make so little of me?

Young Lov. I make thee not so little as thou art: for indeed there

there goes no more to the making of a Steward, but a fair *Imprimis*, and then a reasonable *Item*, infus'd into him, and the thing is done.

Sav. Nay then you stir my duty, and I must tell you.

Young Lov. What wouldst thou tell me, how Hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady day falls? Prethee farewell, and entertain my friends, be drunk, and burn thy Table-books: and my dear Spark of Velvet, thou and I ———

Sav. Good Sir remember.

Young Lov. I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in Almanacks, and Horse-fairs, and rose by honey and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

Sav. Nay, then I must unfold your Brothers pleasure, these be the Lessons Sir, he left behind him.

Young Lov. Prethee expound the first.

Sav. I leave to keep my house three hundred pounds a year, and my Brother to dispose of it.

Young Lov. Mark that my wicked Steward, and I dispose of it.

Sav. Whilst he bears himself like a Gentleman, and my credit falls not in him. Mark that my good young Sir, mark that.

Young Lov. Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfill it whilst my legges will carry me, Ile bear my self like a Gentleman, but when I am drunk, let them bear me that can. Forward dear Steward.

Sav. Next it is my will, that he be furnisht (as my Brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people.

Young Lov. Steward, this is as plain as your old Minikin Breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified or ——— you understand me Sir, proceed.

Sav. Yet that my Steward keep his place, and power, and bound my Brothers wildnesse with his care.

Young Lov. Ile hear no more, this is *Apocrypha*, bind it by it self Steward.

Sav. This is your Brothers will, and as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you. Captains of Gally-foysts, such as in a clear day have seen *Calix*, fellows that have no more of God, than their Oaths comes to: they wear Swords to reach fire at a Play, and get there the oyld end of a pipe for their guerdon; then the remnant of your Regiment are wealthy Tobacco Merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of Poets, and all these look like Carthusians, things without linnen. Are these fit company for my Masters Brother?

Young Lov. I will either convert thee, (O thou Pagan Steward) or presently confound thee and thy Reckonings, Who's there ? Call in the Gentlemen.

Sav. Good Sir.

Young Lov. Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

Sav. Are you my Masters Brother ?

Young Lov. Are you the sage Master Steward, with a face like an old *Ephemerides* ?

Enter his Comrades, Captain, Traveller.

Sav. Then God help all, I say.

Young Lov. I, and 'tis well said, my old Peer of France : welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen ; mine own dear Lads y'are richly welcome. Know this old *Harry Groat*.

Capt. Sir, I will take your love.

Sav. Sir, you will take my purse.

Capt. And study to continue it.

Sav. I do believe you.

Trav. Your honourable friend, and Masters Brother, hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, Sir.

Sav. Has given himself into the hands of Varlets, not to be carv'd out. Sir, are these the pieces ?

Young Lov. They are the Morals of the age, the vertues ; Men made of gold.

Sav. Of your gold you mean Sir.

Young Lov. This is a man of War, and cries go on, and wears his colours.

Sav. In's nose.

Young Lov. In the fragrant field. This is a Traveller Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the Sea so far, till both the Poles have knockt, has seen the Sun take Coach, and can distinguish the colour of his Horses, and their kinds, and had a *Flanders* Mare leapt there.

Sav. 'Tis much.

Trav. I have seen more Sir.

Sav. 'Tis enough a conscience ; sit down and rest you, you are at the end of the world already. Would you had as good a living Sir, as this fellow could lie you out of ; has a notable gift in't.

Young Lov. This ministers the Smoak, and this the Muses.

Sav. And you the clothes, and meat, and money, you have a goodly generation of um, pray let them multiply, your Brothers house is big enough ; and to say truth, has too much land, hang it durt.

Young Lov. Why now thou art a loving flinkard. Fire off thy Annotations, and thy Rent-books, thou hast a weak brain *Savill*, and with the next long Bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen you are once more welcome to three hundred pound a year ; we will be freely merry, shall we not ?

Capt. Merry as mirth, and wine, my lovely *Lovelesse*.

Poet. A serious look shall be a Jury to excommunicate any man from our company. *Trav.* We will not talk wisely neither.

To. Lov. What think you Gentlemen by all this renew in drink?

Capt. I am all for drink. *Trav.* I am dry till it be so.

Poet. He that will not cry *Amen* to this, let him live sober, seem wife, and dye o'th *Corum*.

Young Lov. It shall be so, wee'l have it all in drink, let meat and lodging go, th' are transitory, and shew men meerly mortal: then wee'l have Wenches, every one his Wench, and every week a fresh one, wee'l keep no powdred flesh: all these we have by warrant, under the title of things necessary. Here, upon this place I ground it: the obedience of my people, and all necessities. Your opinions Gentlemen?

Capt. 'Tis plain and evident he meant Wenches.

Sav. Good Sir, let me expound it.

Capt. Here be as sound men as your self Sir, to expound it.

Poet. This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: in this word necessary, is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

Young Lov. Believe me, 'tis a learned one, and by these words: The obedience of my people: (you Steward being one) are bound to fetch us Wenches.

Capt. He is, he is. *Young Lov.* Steward, attend us for instructions.

Sav. But will you keep no house Sir?

To. Lov. Nothing but drink Sir, three hundred pounds in drink.

Sav. O miserable house, and miserable I that live to see it! good Sir, keep some meat.

Young Lov. Get us good Whores, and for your part, *Savill*, lie boord you in an Ale-house; you shall have cheese and onions.

Sav. What shall become of me, no chimney smoking? Well prodigal, your Brother will come home. *Exit.*

Young Lov. Come Lads, lie warrant you for Wenches, three hundred pounds in drink.

Omnes. O brave Lovelesse. *Exeunt omnes. Finis Actus primi.*

ACTUS 2. SCENA I.

Enter Lady, her sister Martha, Welford, Younglove, and others.

Lady. Sir, now you see your bad lodging, I must bid you good night.

Wel. If there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

Lady.

Lady. A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more good night. *Wel.* Once more dear Lady, and then all sweet nights.

Lady. Dear Sir, be short and sweet then.

Wel. Shall the morrow prove better to me, shall I hope my sute happier by this nights rest?

Lady. Is your sute so sickly that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: but had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straighter. Sir, good night. *Exit Lady.*

Wel. So fair and cruell! dear unkind, good night.

Nay Sir, you shall stay with me, Ile presse your zeal so far.

Rog. O Lord Sir. *Wel.* Do you love Tobacco.

Rog. Surely I love it, but it loveth not me; yet with your reverence Ile be bold.

Wel. Pray light it Sir. How do you like it?

Rog. I promise you it is notable stinging geere indeed. It is wet Sir, Lord how it brings down rheume.

Wel. Handle it again Sir, you have a warm text of it.

Rog. Thanks ever promised for it. I promise you it is very powerfull, and by a Trope, spiritual; for certainly it moves in sundry places.

Wel. I, it does Sir, and me especially to ask Sir, why you wear a Night-cap.

Rog. Assuredly I will speak the truth unto you: you shall understand Sir, that my head is broken, and by whom; even by that visible beast the Butler.

Wel. The Butler? certainly he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave Cassock? The offence Sir?

Rog. Reproving him at Tre-trip Sir, for swearing; you have the total surely.

Wel. You reprov'd him when his rage was set a tilt, and so he crackt your Canons. I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading? But shall we see these Gentlewomen to night.

Rog. Have patience Sir, untill our fellow *Nicholas* be deceast; that is, asleep, for so the word is taken: to sleep, to dye, to dye, to sleep, a very figure Sir.

Wel. Cannot you cast another for the Gentlewomen?

Rog. No, till the man be in his bed, his grave: his grave, his bed: the very same again Sir. Our Comick Poet gives the reason sweetly, *Plenus rimarum est*, he is full of loope-holes, and will discover to our Patronesse.

Wel.

The Scornfull Lady.

Wel. Your Comment Sir, hath made me understand you.

*Enter Martha, the Ladies Sister, and Younglove
to them with a Posset.*

Roger. Sir be addrest, the graces do salute you with a full bowle of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

Abig. Hee's safe.

Rog. And does he snore out supinely with the Poet?

Mar. No, he out-snores the Poet.

Wel. Gentlewoman, this courtesie shall bind a stranger to you; ever your servant.

Mar. Sir, my Sisters strictnesse makes not us forget you are a stranger, and a Gentleman.

Abig. In sooth Sir, were I chang'd into my Lady, a Gentleman so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

Wel. I thanke you Gentlewoman, and rest bound to you. See how this foule familiar chews the Cud: from thee, and three and fifty good Love deliver me.

Mar. Will you sit down and take a spoon?

Wel. I take it kindly Lady. *Mar.* It is our best banquet sir.

Rog. Shall we give thanks?

Wel. I have to the Gentlewomen already sir.

Mar. Good sir *Roger* keep that breath to coole your part o'th Posset, you may chance have a scalding zeale else: and you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to your selfe: Would you could like this sir.

Wel. I would your Sister would like me as well Lady.

Mar. Sure sir, she would not eat you: but banish that imagination; she's only wedded to her self, lies with her self, and loves her self: and for another husband then her self, he may knock at the gate, but nere come in: be wise sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults, the least of which is, she cannot love you.

Abig. God pardon her, shee'l do worse, would I were worthy his least grief *Mistris Martha.*

Wel. Now I must over-hear her.

Mar. Faith would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older.

Abig. Sir, would you put in deeper, 'tis the sweeter.

Mar. Well said old sayings.

Welford. Shee looks like one. Gentlewoman you keep your word, your sweet self has made the bottome sweeter.

Abig. Sir, I begin a frolick, dare you change fir?

Wel. My self for you, so please you. That smile hath turn'd my stomack: This is right the old Embleme of the Moyle cropping of Thistles: Lord what a hunting head she carries, sure she has been ridden with a Martingale. Now love deliver me.

Rog. Do I dream, or do I wake? surely I know not: am I rub'd off, is this the way of all my Morning Prayers? Oh Roger, thou art but grasse, and woman as a flower. Did I for this consume my quarters in meditations, vowes, and wooed her in Heroicall Epistles? Did I expound the Owle, and undertoke with labour and experience the collexion of those thousand peeces, consum'd in Cellars and Tobaco-shops, of that our honoured Englishman N. B. have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the Wife man, and say, He that holds a woman, has an Eele by the taile.

Mar, Sir 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest: let what the house has be at your command fir.

Wel. Sweet rest be with you Lady; and to what yon desire too.

Abig. It should be some such good thing like your self then.

Wel. Heaven kept me from that curse, and all my issue.

Good night Antiquity,

Rog. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.* But I alone.

Wel. Learned fir, will you bid my man come to me? and requesting a greater measure of your Learning, good night, good Master Roger.

Rog. Good fir, peace be with you:

Exit Roger

Wel. Adieu deare Domine. Half a dozen such in a Kingdome would make a man forswear confession. for who that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsell of a serious sin to such a cruell night-cap?

Why how now shall we have an Antique?

Enter Ser.

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jole it so against the Post? Is't for your ease? Or have you seen the Sellar? Where are my slippers fir?

Ser. Here fir.

Wel. Where fir? have you got the pot verdugo? have you seen the horses fir?

Ser. Yes fir.

Wel. Have they any meat?

Ser. Faith fir, they have a kind of wholsom Rushes, Hay I cannot call it.

Wel.

Wel. And no Provender.

Ser. Sir, so I take it.

Wel. You are merry sir, and why so?

Ser. Faith sir, here are no Oats to be got, unlesse you'l have um in porridge, the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat: yonders a cast of Coachmares of the Gentlewomans, the strangest cattel!

Wel. Why?

Ser. Why, they are transparent sir; you may see through them, and such a house.

Wel. Come sir, the truth of your discovery.

Ser. Sir, they are in tribes like Jews: the Kitchen and the Dairie make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the Buttery and the Landry are another, and there's no love lost; the Chambers are entire, and what's done there, is somewhat higher then my knowledge: but this I am sure between these copulations, a stranger is kept vertuous, that is, fasting. But of all this the drink sir.

Wel. What of that sir?

Ser. Faith sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink or this cooling Julip, of which three spoonfulls kills the Calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsie.

Wel. Sir, you belie the house.

Ser. I would I did sir. But as I am a true man, if 'twere but one degree colder, nothing but an Asses hoof would hold it.

Wel. I am glad on't sir, for if it had proved stronger, you had been tongue-tide of these commendations. Light me the candle sir, I'll hear no more.

Enter young Lovelesse, and his Comrades, with winches, and two Fiddlers.

To. Lo. Come my brave man of War, trace out thy Darling:
And you my learned Councel, set and turn boyes:
Kisse till the Cow come home, kisse close, kisse close knaves.
My Modern Poet, thou shalt kisse in couplets. *Enter with wine.*
Strike up you merry Varlets, and leave your peeping.
This is no pay for Fiddlers.

Cap. O my dear boy, thy *Hercules*, thy Captain
Makes thee his *Hilas*, his delight, his solace.
Love thy brave man of War, and let thy bounty
Clap him in *Shamois*: Let there be deducted out of our main pota-
Five marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh, (tion,
Grampt with this rest of peace, and I will fight
Thy Battels.

The Scornfull Lady.

Young Lo. Thou shalt hav't boy, and flie in Feather :
Lead on a March you Michers.

Enter Savill.

Savill. O my head, O my heart, what a noise and change is here ?
would I had been cold i'th mouth before this day, and nere have
liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this
place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron Mill.
There's a dead sea of drink i'th Cellar, in which goodly vessels lie
wrack't, and in the middle of this deluge appears the tops of Fla-
gons and black Jacks, like Churches drown'd i'th Marshes.

Yo. Lo. What art thou come ? My sweet fir *Amias*, welcome to
Troy. Come, thou shalt kisse my *Hellen*, and court her in a dance.

Savil. Good fir consider.

Yo. Lo. Shall we consider Gentlemen ? How say you ?

Cap. Consider, that were a simple toy y'faith, consider ! whose
Moral's that ? The man that cries consider is our foe : let my steel
know him.

Yo. Lo. Stay thy dead doing hand, he must not die yet : prethee
be calme my *Heñer*.

Cap. Peasant, slave, thou groome, compos'd of grudgings, live
and thank this Gentleman, thou hadst seen *Pluto* else. The next
consider kills thee.

Trav. Let him drink down his word again in a gallon of
sack.

Poet. 'Tis but a snuffe, make it two gallons, and let him do it
kneeling in repentance.

Savil. Nay rather kill me, there's but a lay-man lost. Good
Captain do your office.

Yo. Lo. Thou shalt drink Steward, drink and dance my steward.
Strike him a horn-pipe squeakers, take thy striver, and pace her
still sh. stew.

Savil. Sure fir I cannot dance with your Gentlewomen, they are
too light for me, pray break my head, and let me go.

Cap. He shall dance, he shall dance.

Yo. Lo. He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk, and dance, and
be drunk again: and shall see no meat in a year.

Poet. And three quarters.

Yo. Lo. And three quarters be it.

Cap. Who knocks there ? Let him in.

Enter Elder Lovelesse disguised.

Savil. Some to deliver me I hope.

El. Lo. Gentlemen, God save you all, my businesse is to one Ma-
ster Lovelesse,

Cap.

Cap. This is the Gentleman you mean, view him, and take his Inventory, he's a right one.

El. Lo. He promises no lesse fir.

Yo. Lo. Sir, your businesse?

El. Lo. Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loath, yet I am sworn to't, would some other tongue would speak it for me.

Yo. Lo. Out with it a Gods name.

El. Lo. All I desire fir is, the patience and sufferance of a man, and good fir be not mov'd more.

Yo. Lo. Then a pottle of sack will do, here's my hand, prethee thy businesse?

El. Lo. Good fir excuse me, and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you, and be your self discreet, and bear it nobly.

Yo. Lo. Prethee dispatch me.

El. Lo. Your Brother's dead fir.

Yo. Lo. Thou dost not mean dead drunk.

El. Lo. No, no, dead, and drown'd at Sea fir.

Yo. Lo. Art sure he's dead?

El. Lo. Too sure fir.

Yo. Lo. I but art thou very certainly sure of it?

El. Lo. As sure fir, as I tell it.

Yo. Lo. But art thou sure he came not up again?

El. Lo. He may come up, but nere to call you Brother.

Yo. Lo. But art sure he had water enough to drown him?

El. Lo. Sure fir, he wanted none.

Yo. Lo. I would not have him want, I lov'd him better; here I forgivethee: and I saith be plain, how do I bear it?

El. Lo. Very wisely fir.

Yo. Lo. Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd, these transitory toyes nere trouble me, he's in a better place, my friend I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curst thee, & fain out with their meat, and kept a pudder; but all this helps not, he was too good for us, and let God keep him: there's the right use on't friend. Off with thy drink, thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry; fill him another. *Savill*, your Masters dead, and who am I now *Savill*? Nay, lets all bear it well; wipe *Savill*, wipe, tears are but thrown away: we shall have wenches now, shall we not *Savill*.

Savil. Yes fir.

Yo. Lo. And drink innumerable?

Savil. Yes forsooth fir.

Yo. Lo. And youle strain currie, and be drunk a little;

Savil. I will strive fir to do my weak endeavour.

Young Lo. You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

Savil. In time the sturdy Oak fir.

Yo. Lo. Some more wine for my friend there.

El. Lo. I shall be drunk anon for my good news; but I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

Young Lo. Heres to you fir, this is the worst I wish you for your news: and if I had another elder brother, and say it were his chance to feed Haddockes, I should be still the same you see me now, a poor contented Gentleman. More wine for my friend there, hee's dry again.

El. Lo. I shall be if I follow this beginning. Well my dear brother, if I escape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink, you shall duck twice before I help you. Sir, I cannot drink more: pray you let me have your pardon.

Young Lo. O Lord fir, 'tis your modesty: more wine, give him a bigger glasse; hug him my Captain, thou shalt be my chief Mourner.

Capt. And this my penon; Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my Lord of Land here.

El. Lo. I feel a buzzing in my brains, pray God I bear this out, and Ile nere trouble them so far again: Heres to you fir.

Young Lo. To my dear Steward, down a your knees you Infidell, you Pagan, be drunk and penitent.

Savil. Forgive me fir, and Ile be any thing.

Young Lo. Then be a Bawd, Ile have thee a brave bawd.

El. Lo. Sir, I must take my leave of you, my businesse is so urgent.

Yo. Lo. Let's have a bridling cast before you go. Fil's a new stoope.

El. Lo. I dare not fir, by no means.

Young Lo. Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratifie you for the pains you took fir.

El. Lo. As little as to the tother.

Young Lo. If you find any firring, do but say so.

El. Lo. Sir, you are too bounteous; when I feel that itching, you shall affwage it fir, before another; this only and farewell fir. Your Brother when the storm was most extreame, told all about him, he left a Will which lies close behind a Chimney in the Matted Chamber: And so as well fir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

Young Lo. Let us embrace him all, if you grow dry before you end your businesse, pray take a bait here, I have a fresh Hogges-head for you.

Sav.

Sav. You shall neither will nor choose Sir. My Master is a wonderfull fine Gentleman, has a fine state, a very fine state Sir, I am his Steward Sir, and his Man.

El. Lo. Would you were you own Sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

Sav. Farewell Gentleman, Gentleman, Gentleman.

El. Lo. What would you with me Sir?

Sav. Farewell Gentleman.

El. Lo. O sleep Sir, sleep.

Exit Elder Lovelasse.

Yo. Lo. Well boyes, you see what's faine, lets in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Sav. Let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

Yo. Lo. Drunk as I live.

Sav. Drunk as I live boyes.

Yo. Lo. Why now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight; I will be Knighted, for my state will bear it, 'tis sixteen hundred boyes: Off with your husks, lie skin you all in Sattin.

Capt. O sweet Lovelasse.

Sav. All in Sattin? O sweet Lovelasse.

Yo. Lo. March in my noble Compeers; and this my Countesse shall be led by two, and so proceed we to the will.

Exeunt.

Enter Morecraft the Usurer, and Widdow.

More. And Widdow, as I say, be you your own friend; your husband left you wealthy, I and wise, continue so sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger Brothers: they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very lightnings, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings; they are Colts, wench, Colts, heady and dangerous, till we take um up, and make um fit for bonds; look upon me, I have had, and have yet matter of moment Girle, matter of moment; you may meet with a worse back, he not commend it.

Wid. Nor I neither Sir.

More. Yet thus far by your favour Widdow, 'tis tuffe.

Wid. And therefore not for my diet, for I love a tender one.

More. Sweet Widdow, leave your frumps, & be edified; you know my state, I sell no Perspectives, Scarfes, Gloves, nor Hangers, nor put my trust in shoe-ties; and where your husband in an age was rising by burnt Figs, dreg'd with meal, & powdered Sugar, Saunders, and grains, Worm-feed, and rotten Reasons, and such vile Tobacco, that made the Footmen mangy; I, in a year have put up hundreds inclos'd; my Widdow, those pleasant Meadows, by a forfeit Morgage; for which the poor Knight takes a lone Chamber, owes
for

for his Ale, and dare not beat his Hostesse: Nay more —

Wid. Good Sir no more, what e're my husband was, I know what I am, and if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off Sir:

More. Not with the head, sweet Widdow.

Wid. No sweet Sir, but with your shoulders: I must have you dub'd, for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toyle, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which for I was his wife, and gave way to, and spun mine own smocks course, and Sir, so little: but let that passe; Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband, who in penitence of such fruitlesse five years marriage, left me great with his wealth, which if you'll be a worthy Gossip to, be Knighted Sir. *Enter Sav.*

More. Now Sir, from whence come you? whose man are you Sir?

Sav. Sir, I come from Young Master Lovelesse.

More. Be silent Sir, I have no money, not a penny for you, he's sunk, your Master's sunk, a perisht man Sir.

Sav. Indeed his Brother's sunk Sir, God be with him, a perisht man indeed, and drown'd at Sea.

More. How saidst thou, good my friend, his Brother drown'd?

Sav. Untimely Sir, at Sea.

More. And thy Young Master left sole heir?

Sav. Yes Sir.

More. And he wants money.

Sav. Yes, and sent me to you, for he is now to be Knighted.

More. Widdow be wise, there's more land coming, Widdow be very wise, and give thanks for me Widdow.

Wid. Be you very wise, and be Knighted, and then give thanks for me Sir.

Sav. What sayes your worship to this money.

More. I say he may have the money if he please.

Sav. A thousand Sir.

More. A thousand Sir, provided my wife Sir, his Land lye for the payment, otherwise —

Enter Young Lovelesse, and Comrades to them.

Sav. He's here himself Sir, and can better tell you.

More. My notable dear friend, and worthy Master Lovelesse, and now right worshipfull, all joy and welcome.

Yo. Lov. Thanks to my dear incloier, Master Morecraft, prethee old Angel gold, salute my family, Ile do as much for thine: this and your own desires, fair Gentlewoman.

Wid. And yours Sir, if you mean well: 'tis a handsome Gentleman.

Yo. Lov. Sirrah, my Brothers dead.

More.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Dead, and by this time soust for Ember week.

More. Dead!

Yo. Lo. Drown'd, drown'd at Sea man! by the next fresh Con-
ger that comes, we shall hear more.

More. Now by the faith of my body it moves me much.

Yo. Lo. What, wilt thou be an Ass, and weep for the dead?
why, I thought nothing but a general inundation would have
mov'd thee; prethee be quiet, he hath left his land behind him.

More. O has he so?

Yo. Lo. Yes faith, I thank him for't, I have all boy, hast any
ready money?

More. Will you sell Sir?

Yo. Lo. No, not out-right, good Gripe; marry, a Mortgage, or
such a slight security.

More. I have no money fit for Mortgage, if you will sell, and all
or none, I'll work a new Mine for you.

Savill. Good Sir look afore you, he'll work you out of all else:
if you sell your Land, you have sold your Countrey, and
then you must to Sea, to seek your Brother, and there lie pickled
in a powdering Tub, and break your teeth with Biskets, and
hard Beef; that must have watring Sir, and wher's your three hun-
dred pounds a year in drink then? if you'll turn up the straights,
you may; for you have no calling for drink there, but with a
Cannon; nor no scoring, but on your Ships sides, and then if you
scape with life, and take a faggot Boat, and a bottle of *Usque-*
baugh, come home poor men, like a type of Thames-street,
stinking of pitch and poor *John*. I cannot tell Sir, I would be
loath to see it.

Cap. Steward, you are an Ass, a meazel'd mungrel, and
were it not against the peace of my soveraign friend here, I would
break your fore-casting coxcomb, dogg I would even with thy
staffe of office there, thy pen and ink-horn. Noble boy, the
God of gold here has fed thee well, take money for thy durt;
hark and believe, thou art cold of constitution, thy seat unhealth-
full, sell and be wise; we are three that will adorn thee, and live
according to thine own heart child: mirth shall be only ours, and
only ours shall be the black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money
makes men immortal.

Poet. Do what you will, 'tis the noiest course, then you may

live without the charge of people, only we four will make a Family ; I, and an age that will beget new *Annals*, in which ile write thy life, my son of pleasure, equal with *Nero* and *Caligula*.

Yo. Lo. What men were they Captain ?

Cap. Two roaring boyes of *Rome*, that made all split,

Yo. Lo. Come Sir what dare you give

Sa. You will not sell sir ?

Yo. Lo. Who told you so sir ?

Sa. Good Sir, have a care.

Yo. Lo. Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up to your rooffe. What money ? speak.

More. Six thousand pounds sir ?

Cap. Take it h'as overbidden by this hand : bind him to his bargain quickly.

Yo. Lo. Come strike me luck with earnest, and draw the writings

More. There is six Angels in earnest.

Sav. Sir, for my old Masters sake, let my frame be excepted, if I become his Tenant, I am undone, my children beggars, and my Wife God knows what : consider me deare Sir.

More. Ile have all or none.

Yo. Lo. All in, all in, dispatch the writings.

Exit. with Com.

Wid. Go, thou art a pretty fore-handed fellow, would thou wert wiser.

Sav. Now do I sensibly begin to feele my selfe a Rascal : would I could teach a Schoole, or begg, or lye well, I am utterly undone; now he that taught thee to deceive and couzen, take thee to his mercy.

Exit Savil.

More. Come widdow, come, never stand upon a Knight-hood, 'tis a meer paper honour, and not proof enough for a Sargeant. Come, come Ile make thee-----

Wid. To answer in short, 'tis this Sir, no Knight, no Widdow, if you make me any thing, it must be a Lady : And so I take my leave.

More. Farewell sweet widdow, and think of it, (*Exit Widdow.*)

Wid. Sir, I do more than think of it, it makes me dream Sir.

More. She's rich and sober, if this itch were from her : and say I be at the charge to pay the footmen, and the Trumpets, I and the Horsemen too, and be a Knight, and she refuse me then ; then am I hoist into the subsidy, and so by consequence should prove a Coxcomb : I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound, and then the land is mine : there's some refreshing yet.

Exit.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACT. 3.

ACT. 3. SCENA 1.

Enter Abigail, and drops her Glove.

Abig. If he but follow me, as all my hopes tell me he's man enough, up goes my rest, and I know I shall draw him.

Wel. This is the strangest pamp'rd peece of flesh toward fifty, that every frailty copt withall, what a trim *lenvoy* here she has put upon me: these women ar a proud kind of Cattel, and love this whorson doing so directly, that they will not stick to make their very skins Bawds to their flesh. Here's Dogskin and storax sufficient to kill a Hawke: what do you with it, beside nailing it up amongst *Irish* heads of Teere, to shew the mightiness of her palme, I know not: there she is. I must enter enter into Dialogue. Lady, you have lost your glove.

Abig. No Sir; if you have found it.

Welf. It was my meaning, Lady, to restore it.

Abig. It will be uncivil in me to take back a favour Fortune hath so well bestowed sir, pray weare it for me.

Wel. I had rather weare a Bell. But heark you Mistress, what hidden vertue is there in this Glove, that you would have me weare it? Is't good against sore eyes, or will it charm the Tooth-ake? Or these red tops being steeped in white Wine soluble, wil't kill the itch? Or has it so conceal'd a providence to keep my hand from bonds? If it have none of these, and prove no more but a bare glove of halfe a crown a pair, 'twill be but a half courtesie, I weare two alwayes: 'faith lets draw cuts, one will do me no pleasure.

Abig. The tenderness of his years keeps him as yet in ignorance, hee's a well moulded fellow, and I wonder his blood should stir no higher; but 'tis his want of company, I must grow neerer to him.

Enter elder Loveless disguised.

Eld. Lov. God save you both.

Abig. And pardon you Sir: This is somewhat rude, how came you hither?

El. Lo. Why through the doores, they are open.

Welf. What are you, and what business have you here?

El. Lo. More I believe then you have.

Abig. Who would this fellow speak with? Art thou sober?

El. Lo. Yes, I come not here to sleep.

Wel. Prethee what art thou?

El. Lo. As much (gay man) as thou art; I am a Gentleman.

Wel. Art thou no more?

El. Lo. Yes, more then thou dar'st be, a Souldier.

Abig. Thou dost not come to quarrel.

El. Lo. No, not with women; I come here to speak with a Gentlewoman.

Abig. Why am I one.

El. Lo. But not with one so gentle

Wel. This is a fine fellow.

El. Lo. Sir, I am not fine, yet I am but new come over, direct me with your ticket to your Taylor and then I shall be fine fir. Lady, if there be a better of your sex within this house, I say I would see her

Abig. Why am not I good enough for you Sir?

El. Lo. Your way you'll be too good, pray end my business. This is another suitor. O frail Woman!

Wel. This fellow with his bluntnefs hopes to do more then the long futes of a thousand could; though he be sowre he's quick, I must not trust him. Sir, this Lady is not to speak with you, she is more serious: you smell as if you were new calkt, go and be handsome, and then you may fit with the Serving-men.

El. Lo. What are you Sir?

Wel. Troth guesse by my outside.

El. Lo. Then I take your Sir for some new filken thing wean'd from the Countrey, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray good proud Gentlewoman help me to your Mistrefs.

Ab. How many lives hast thou, that thou talkest thus rudely?

El. Lo. But one, one, I am neither Cat nor Woman.

Wel. And will that one life Sir maintain you ever in such bold sawciness?

El. Lo. Yes, amongst a nation of such men as you are, and be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak with this Lady?

Abig. No by my troth shall you not.

El. Lo. I must stay here then.

Wel. That you shall not neither.

El. Lo. Good fine thing tell me why.

Wel. Good angry thing Ile tell you:

This is no place for such companions,
Such louzy Gentlemen shall finde their business

The Scornfull Lady.

Better i'th Suburbs, there your strong pitch perfume,
Mingled with lees of Ale, shall reeke in fashion :
This is no Thames-street fir,

Abig. This Gentleman informes you truly.
Prethee be satisfied, and seek the Suburbs.
Good Captain, or what ever title else,
The warlike Eel-boats have bestowed upon thee,
Go and reforme thy self, prethee be sweeter.
And know my Lady speaks with no such swabbers.

El. Lo. You cannot talke me out with your tradition
Of wit you pick from Playes, go too, I have found ye :
And for you, tender fir, whole gentle blood
Runs in your Nose, and makes you snuff at all,
But three pil'd people, I do let you know
He that begot your Worships sattin sure,
Can make no men fir ; I will see this Lady.
And with the reverence of your Silkenship,
In these old Ornaments.

Wel. You will not sure.

El. Lo. Sure I shall.

Abig. You would be beaten out.

El. Lo. Indeed I will not, or if I would be beaten,
Pray who shall beat me ? This good Gentleman
Looks as he were o'th peace.

Wel. Sir, you shall see that : will you get you out ?

El. Lo. Yes that, that shall correct your boyes tongue.

Dare you fight ? I will stay here still. *They draw.*

Abig. O their things are out, help, help, for Gods sake.
Madam, they foine at one another.

Madam, why who is within there ?

Enter Lady.

Lady. Who breeds this rudeness ? *Wel.* This uncivil fellow
He sayes he comes from Sea, where I beleeve
H'as purg'd away his manners.

Lady. Why, what of him ?

Wel. Why he will rudely without once God blees you,
Presse to your privaces, and no deniall
Must stand betwixt your person and his business ;
I let go his ill language.

Lady. Sir have you business with me ?

El. Lo. Madam, some I have,

The Scornfull Lady.

But now so serious to pawn my life for't,
If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you
Such Knights o'th *Sun* as this is, to defie
Men of imployment to ye, you may live,
But in what Fame?

La. Pray stay Sir, who has wrong'd you?

El. Lo. Wrong me he cannot, though uncivily
He flung his wild words at me: But to you
I think he did no honour, to deny
The hast I come withal, a passage to you,
Though I seem course.

La. Excuse me gentle sir, 'twas from my knowledge,
And shall have no protection. And to you Sir,
You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from your self
Have borrowed power I never gave you here,
To do these vild unmanly things; my house
Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours
Not doting yet on your unknown deserts
So far, that I should make you master of my business:
My credit yet stands fairer with the people
Then to be tride with swords: And they that comes
To do me service, must not think to win me
With a hazard of a murther; if your love
Consist in fury, carry it to the Camp,
And there in honour of some common Mistress,
Shorten your youth: I pray be better temper'd,
And give me leave a while sir.

Wel. You must have it.

Exit. Welford.

La. Now Sir, your business.

El. Lo. First I thank you for schooling this young fellow.
Whom his own follies, which are prone enough
Daily to fall into, if you but frown,
Shall level him away to his repentance:
Next, I should raile at you, but you are a woman,
And anger's lost upon you.

La. Why at me sir?

I never did you wrong, for to my knowledge,
This is the first sight of you.

El. Lo. You have done that,
I must confess I have the least share in,

Because

The Scornfull Lady.

Because the least acquaintance : But there be
(If there be honour in the minds of men)
Thousands, when they shall know what I deliver,
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame
Blast your black memory.

La. How is this good sir ?

El. Lo. 'Tis that, that if you have a soul, will choack it :
Y'ave kil'd a Gentleman.

La. I kild a Gentleman?

El. Lo. You and your cruelty have kil'd him woman,
And such a man (let me be angry in't,)
Whose least worth weighed above all womens vertues
That are: I spare you all to come too : guess him now.

La. I am so innocent ; I cannot sir.

El. Lo. Repent you mean, are you a perfect woman,
And as the first was, made for mans undoing ?

La. Sir you have mist your way, I am not she.

El. Lo. Would he had mist his way too, though he had
Wandred farther then women are ill spoken of,
So that he had mist this miserie, you Lady.

La. How do you do sir ?

El. Lo. Well enough I hope,
While I can keep my self out from temptation.

La. Pray leap into the matter, whither would ye ?

El. Lo. You had a servant that your peevishness
Injoyn'd to travail. *La.* Such a one I have
Still, and should be grieved 'twere otherwise.

El. Lo. Then have your asking, and be greiv'd he's dead ;
How you will answer for his worth, I know not,
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,
Were stark mad, else he might have liv'd,
To have given a stronger testimony to th' world,
Of what he might have been, He was a man,
I knew but in his evening, ten Suns after,
Forc'd by tyrant storm, our beaten Bark
Bulg'd under us : in which sad parting blow,
He cal'd upon his Saint, but not for life,
On you unhappy woman, and whilst all
Sought to preserve their soules, he desperately
Imbrac'd a Wave, crying to all that saw it ;
If any live, go to my Fate that forc'd me,

To this untimely end, and make her happy :
His name was *Loveless*, And I scap't the storm,
And now you have my business. *La.* 'Tis too much.
Would I had been that storm, he had not perisht.
If you'l rail now, I will forgive you fir.
Or if you'l call in more, if any more,
Come from his ruine I shall justly suffer
What they can say, I do confess my self
A guilty cause in this. I would say more,
But griefe is grown too great to be delivered.

El. Lo. I like this : these women are strange things,
'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep :
You should have wept when he was going from you,
And chain'd him with these tears at home.

La. Would you had told me then so, these two arms had been
his Sea.

El. Lo. Trust me, you move me much : but say he lived, these
were forgotten things again.

La. I, say you so ? Sure I should know that voice : this is knave-
ry, Ile fit you for it : were he living fir, I would perswade you to be
Charitable, I, and confess we are not all so ill, as your opinion holds
us. Oh my friend, what pennance shall I put upon my fault, upon
my most unworthy self for this ?

El. Lo. Leave me to others, 'twas some jealousy,
That turn'd him desperate.

La. Ile be with you strait : are you wrung there ?

El. Lo. This works a main upon her.

La. I do confess there is a Gentleman,
Has born me long good will. *El. Lo.* I do not like that.

La. And vowed a thousand services to me; to me, regardless of
him : But since Fate, that no power can withstand, has taken from
me my first and best Love, and to weep away my mouth is a meer
folly I will shew you what I determine fir : you shall know all : call
Mr. *Welford* there : That Gentleman I mean to make the model of
my Fortunes, and in his chaste embraces, keep alive the memory of
my lost lovely *Loveless* : he is somewhat like him too.

El. Lo. Then you can love ?

La. Yes certainly fir,
Though it please you to think me hard and cruel,
I hope I shall perswade you other wise.

El. Lo.

The Scornfull Lady.

Eld. Lo. I have made my self a fine fool.

Enter. Welfor d

Wel. Would you have spoken with me Madam?

La. Yes Mr *Welf.* and I ask you pardon before this Gentleman. for being forward: this kifs, and henceforth more affection.

El. Lo. So, 'tis better I were drown'd indeed.

Welf. This is a sudden passion, God hold it.

This fellow out of his fear, sure has
Perswaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't,

La. A parting kifs, and good fir, let me pray you
To wait me in the Gallery:

Wel. I am in another world, Madam where you please. *Ex. Welf.*

El. Lo. I will to Sea, an't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd indeed

La. Now Sir you see I am no such hard hearted creature,
But time may win me.

El. lo. You have forgot your lost love.

La. Alas fir. what would you have me do? I cannot call him
back again with sorrow; He love this man as dearly, and beshrow
me, He keep him far enough from Sea; and 'twas told me, now I
remember me, by an old wise woman, that my first love should be
drown'd and see 'tis come about.

El. lo. I Would she had told you your second should be hang'd too,
and let that come about: but this is very strange.

La. Faith fir, consider all, and then I know you'll be of my mind:
If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.

El. lo. But say that I were *Loveless*.

And scap'd the storm, how would you answer this;

La. Why, for that Gentleman I would leave all the world.

El. Lo. This young thing too?

La. This young thing too.

Or any young thing else: why I would lose my state.

El. Lo. Why then he lives still; I am he, your *Loveless*

La. Alas I knew it fir, and for that purpose prepared this Page-
ant: get you to your taske, and leave these Players tricks, or I
shall leave you indeed, I shall Travil, or know me not.

El. Lo. Will you then marry?

La. I will not promise, take your choice. Farewel.

El. Lo. There is no other Purgatory but a Woman:
I must do something.

Exit Loveless

Wel. Mistress I am bold.

Enter Welford.

La. You are indeed.

Wel. You so over-joyed me Lady:

E

La

The Scornfull Lady.

La. Take heed you surfet not, pray fast and welcome.

Wel. By this light you love me extreemly.

La. By this light and to morrowes light, I care not for you

Wel. Come, come, you cannot hid it.

La. Indeed I can where you shall never finde it. (on't

Wel. I like this mirth well Lady, *La.* You shall have more

Wel. I must kiss you *La.* No Sir. *Wel.* indeed I must.

La. What must be, must be: He take my leave, you have you parting blow: I pray commend me to those few friends you have, that sent you hither, and tell them, when you traval next, 'twere fit you brought less bravery with you, and more wit, you'l never get a wife else.

Wel. Are you in earnest?

La. Yes faith, will you eat sir? your Horses will be ready straight, you shall have a napkin laid in the Buttery for ye

Wel. Do not you love me then? *La.* Yes for that face

Well. It is a good one Lady?

La. Yes if it were not wrapt, the fire in time may mend it.

Wel. Me thinks yours is none of the best Lady.

La. No by your troth Sir, yet o'my conscience. You would make shift with it.

Wel. Come pray no more of this.

La. I will not. Fare you well. Ho, who's within there? Bring out the Gentlemans horses, he's in hast; and set some cold meat on the Table.

Wel. I have too much of that: I thank you Lady: take your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you Lady.

La. Farewell young man.

Exit Lady.

Wel. You have made me one, Farewel: and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee, I mean the Buttlr. The Devil and all his works are in these women, would all of my sex were of my mind, we would make um a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more reverence with them,

Enter Abigail to him.

Ab. I am sorry Mr. *Wel.* So am I that thou art here,

Ab. How does my Lady use you? *Wel.* As I would use the,

Ab. I should have been more kinde Sir. (scurvily

Wel. I should have been undone then. pray leave me, and look to your sweet meats; hark your Lady calls:

Ab. Sir I shall borrow so much time without offence.

Wel. Thou art nothing but offence, for loves sake leave me.

Ab. 'Tis strange my Lady should be such a Tyrant.

Wel.

Wel. To send you to me, pray go stich, good do, y'are more trouble to me than a Term.

Abig. I do not know how my good will, if I said love, I lyed not, should any way deserve this.

Wel. A thousand waies a thousand waies; sweet creature let me depart in peace. *Ab.* What creature sir? I hope I am a woman

Wel. A hundred I think by your noise.

Ab. Since you are angry Sir, I am bold to tell you that I am a woman an a rib. *Wel.* Of a roasted Horse. *Ab.* Conster me that.

Wel. A Dog can do it better; Farewel Countesse, and commend me to your Lady, tell her she's proud and scurvie, and so I commit you both to your temper. *Ab.* Sweet Mr. *Welford*.

Wel. Avoid old *Satanus*: Go daub your ruines, thy face looks fouler then a storme: the Footman stayes you in the Lobby Lady.

Ab. If you were a Gentleman I should know it by your gentle conditions: are these fit words to give a Gentlewoman?

Wel. As fit as they were made for ye: Sirrah, my horse, Farewell old Adage, keep your nose warme, the Rheume will make it horn else. *Exit Welford.*

Ab. The blessings of a prodigall young heir be thy companion *Welford*, marry come up my gentleman, are your gumes grown so tender they cannot bite? A skittish Fillie will be your fortune *Welford*, and fair enough for such a packfaddle. And I doubt not (if my aim hold) to see her made to amble to your hand. *Exit Abigail*:

Enter young Loveless and Comrades, Morecraft, Wvidow, Savill, and the rest.

Cap. Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant Knight, and may thy black-sword bite them to the bone, that love the not, thou art an errant man, go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee, Let land and labour fill the man that tills, thy sword must be thy Plow, and Iove it speed. *Meca* shall sweat, and *Mahomet* shall fall, and thy dear name fill up his Monument.

Yo. Lo. It shall Captain, I mean to be a worthy.

Cap. One Worthy is too little, thou shalt be all.

More. Captain I shall deserve some of your love too, I hope.

Cap. Thou shalt have heart and hand too, noble *Morecraft*, if thou wilt lend me money. I am a man of Garrison, be rul'd, and open to me those infernal gates, whence none of thy evil Angels pass again, and I will stile thee noble, nay *Don Diego*, Ile wooe thy *Infanta* for thee, and my Knight shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt.

More. Pardon me Captain, y'are beside my meaning.

Yo. lo. No Mr. *Morecraft*, 'tis the Captains meaning I should prepare her for ye. *Cap.* Or provoke her.

Speak my modern man, I say provoke her.

P. e. Captain, I say so too, or stir her to it, So say the Criticks.

Yo. lo. But howsoever you expound it Sir, she's very welcome, and this shall serve for witness, and widow, since y'are come so happily you may deliver up the Keyes, and free possession of this house, whilst I stand by to ratifie.

Wid. I had rather give it back again beleive me.

'Tis a misery to say you had it. Take heed.

Yo. lo. 'Tis past that widow; come sit down, some wine there, there is a scurvy banquet if we had it. Mr. *Morecraft*, all this fair house is yours Sir. *Savil*? *Sav.* Yes Sir.

Yo. lo. Are your keyes ready, I must ease your burthen.

Sav. I am ready sir to be undone when you shall call me to't.

Yo. lo. Come, come, thou shalt live better.

Sav. I shall have less to do, that's all; there is half a dozen of my friends i'th fields Sunning against a bank, with half a breech among um, I shall be with um shortly. The care and continual vexation of being rich, eat up this rascal; what shall become of my poor family? they are no sheep, and yet they must keep themselves.

Yo. lo. Drink Mr. *Morecraft*, be merry all.

Nay, and you will not drink there's no society.

Captain, speak loud, and drink: Widow a word.

Cap. Expound her throughly Knight. Here god a gold here's to thy fair possession: Be a Baron, and a bold one: Leave off your tickling of young heirs like Trouts, and let thy Chimnies smoke. Feed men o'war, live and be honest, and be saved yet.

More. I thank you worthy Captain for your counsel, you keep your chimnies smoking there, your nostrils; and when you can, you feed a man of war, this makes you not a Baron, but a bare one: and how or when you shall be saved let the Clerk o'th Company (you have commanded) have a just care of.

Poet. The man is much moved, Be not angry Sir, but as the Poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home and bitterly to me Sir: Captain take truce, the Miser is a tart and a witty whorson.

Cap. Poet you fain perdie; the wit of this man lies in his fingers ends, he must tell all; his tongue fills his mouth like a neats-tongue, and

and only serves to lick his hungry chaps after a purchase: his brains & brimstone are the devils diet to fat a usurers head: to her Knight to her, clap her abroad, and stow her. Where's the brave Steward?

Sav. Here's your poor friend, and *Savil* Sir.

Cap. Away th'art rich in Tenements of Nature. First in thy face, thou hast a serious face, abetting, bargaining, and saving face, a rich face, pawn it to the Usurer; a face to kindle the compassion of the most ignorant and frozen Justice.

Sav. Tis such I shall dare to shew it shortly sir.

Cap. Be blithe and bonny Steward. *Mr. Morecraft,*
Drink to this man of reckoning. *More.* Here's e'ne to him.

Sav. The Devil guid it downward: would there were in't an aker of the great broom-field he bought, to sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke you, 'tis all one to me Usurer.

To. Lo. Consider what I told you, you are young, unapt for worldly business: is it fit one of such tenderness, so delicate, so contrary to things of care, should stir and break her better meditations, in the bare brokage of a brace of Angels, or a new Kirtle, though it be Sattin: Eat by the hope of surfets, and lye down only in expectation of a morrow, that may undo some easie hearted fool, or reach a Widows curses; let out money whose use returns the principall: and get out these troubles, and consuming heir: For such one must follow necessary, you shall die hated, if not old and miserable. and that possessest wealth that you got with pining, live to see tumbled to anothers hands, that is no more a kin to you, than you to his cozenage. *Wid.* Sir, you speak well, would God that charity had first begun here. *To. Lo.* Tis yet time. Be merry, me thinks you want Wine there, ther's more i'th house: Captain, where rests the health? *Cap.* It shall go round boy.

To. Lo. Say you can suffer this, because the end points at much profit, can you so farre bow below your blood, below your too much beauty, to be a partner of this fellows bed, and lie with his diseases? If you can, I will not press you further: yet look upon him, there's nothing in that hide-bound Usurer, that man of mar, that all decay'd, but aches, for you to love, unless his perisht lungs, his dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth, and so far I dare speak yet; he has yet, past cure of Phisick, spaw, or any diet, a primitive pox in his bones: and a'my knowledge he has been ten times roweld: ye may love him; he had a bastard, his own toward issue whipt, and then cropt for washing out the roses, in three farthings

to

The cornfull Lady.

to make um pence.

Widdow. I do not like the Morall.

Yo. Lo. You must not like him then.

Enter Eld. Lo.

El. Lo. By your leave Gentleman.

Yo. Lo. By my troth sir you are welcome, welcome faith: Lord what a stranger you are grown; pray know this Gentlewoman, and if you please, these friends here: we are merry, you see the worst on's; your house has been kept warm sir.

El. Lo. I am glad to hear it brother, pray God you are wise too,

Yo. Lo. Pray Mr. *Morecraft* know my elder brother, and Captain, do you complement: *Savil*, I dare swear is glad at heart to see you: Lord, we heard sir you were drown'd at Sea, and see how luckily things come about?

More. This money must be paid back again sir.

Yo. Lo. No sir, pray keep the Sale, 'twill make good Taylors measures: I am well I thank you.

Wid. By my troth the Gentleman hath stewed him in his own Sawce, I shall love him for't,

Sav. I know not where I am, I am so glad: your worship is the welcom'st man alive; upon my knees I bid you welcome home: here has been such a hurry, such a din, such a dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring, 'thas almost made me mad: we have lived in a continuall *Turnball-street*: Sir, blest be the hour that sent you safe again; now shall I eat and go to bed again.

El. Lo. Brother dismiss these people.

Yo. Lo. Captain be gone a while, meet me at my old *Randesvouze* in the evening, take your small Poet with you. Mr. *Morecraft*, you were best to prattle with your learned Councill, I shall preserve your money. I was couzened when time was, we are quit sir.

Vel. Better and better still. *El. Lo.* What is this fellow brother?

Yo. Lo. A thirsty Usurer, that suct my Land off.

El. Lo. What does he tarry for?

Yo. Lo. To be Landlord of your House and State: I was bold to make a little sale sir.

More. Am I over-reach'd? if there be Law ile hamper ye.

El. Lo. Prethee be gone, and rave at home, thou art so base a fool. I cannot laugh at thee: Sirrah, this comes of couzening home and spare, eat radish till you raise your fums again. if you stir far in this, Ile have you whipt, your ears nail'd for intelligencing to'th Pillory, and your goods forfeit: you are a stale cozener, leave my house: no more

More.

The Scornfull Lady.

More. A pox upon your house. Come Widow, I shall yet hamper this young Gamester.

Wid. Good twelve i'th the hundred keep your way, I am not for your diet, marry in your own Tribe *Jew*, and yet a Broker.

To. Lo. 'Tis well said Widdow: will you jogg on fir?

More. Yes, I will go but 'tis no matter whither:

But when I trust a wild fool and a woman,

May I lend *gratis* to build Hospitals.

To. Lo. Nay good fir, make all even here's a Widow wants your good word for me, she's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

El. Lo. I am glad you look before you. Gentlewoman here is a poor distressed younger brother.

Wid. You do him wrong he is a Knight.

El. Lo. I ask you mercy: yet 'tis no matter, his knighthood is no inheritance I take it: Whatsoever he is, he is your servant or would be Lady. Faith be not mercilefs, but make a man; he's young and handsome, though he be my brother, and his observances may deserve your love: he shall not fall for means.

Wid. Sir, you speak like a worthy brother: and so much I do credit your fair language, that I shall love your brother: and so love him, but I shall blush to say more.

El. Lo. Stop her mouth, I hope you shall not live to know that hour when this shall be repented. Now brother, I should chide, but Ile give no distast to your fair Mistress, I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't: you have been wild and ignorant, pray mend it.

To. Lo. Sir, every day now spring comes on.

El. Lo. To your good Mr. *Savil*, and your office; thus much I have to say: Y'are from my steward become, first your own drunk-and then his bawd: they say y'are excellent grown in both, and perfect: give me your keyes fir *Savil*.

Sav. Good Sir, consider who you left me to.

El. Lo. I left you as a curb, not to provoke my brothers follies: where's the best drink now? come tell me *Savil*: where's the soundest whores? Ye old he Goat, ye dried Ape, ye lame Stallion, must you be leaping in my house, your whores, like Fairies dance their night rounds, without fear either of King or Constable, within my walls? Are all Hangings safe my sheep unfold yet? I hope my Plate is currant, I ha'too much on't. What say you to three hundred pounds in drink now?

Sav. Good fir forgive me, and but hear me speak.

El. Lo. Methinks thou shouldst be drunk still, and not speak, 'tis the

The Scornful Lady.

the more pardonable. *Sav.* I will Sir, if you will have it so.

El. Lo. I thank ye: Yes, e'ne pursue it fir: do you hear? get a whore soon for your recreation: go look out *Captain broken-breech* your fellow, and quarrel if you dare: I shall deliver these keyes to one shall have more honesty, though not so much fine wit Sir. You may walk and gather *Cresses* Sir, to cool your liver; there's something for you to begin a diet, you'l have the pox else; speed you well sir *Savil*, you may eat at my house to preserve life, but keep no fornication in the stables.

Exeunt omnes præter Savil.

Sav. Now must I hang my self, my friends will look for't.

Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:

I will run mad first, and if that get no pittie,

Ile drown my self to a most dismal ditty.

Exit. Savil

Finis Actus tertii.

ACTUS 4. SCENA I.

Enter Abigal solus.

Abig. **A** Las poor Gentlewoman, to what a misery hath Age brought thee? to what a scurvy fortune? thou that hast been a Companion for Noblemen, and at the worst of those times for Gentlemen: now like a broken Serving-man must beg for favour to those that would have crawld like Pilgrims to my chamber, but for an apparition of me: you that be coming on, make much of fifteen, and so till five and twenty, use your time with reverence that your profit may arise: it will not tarry with you, *exce signum*: here was a face, but time that like a surfet, eats out youth plague of his iron teeth, and draw um for't has been a little bolder here then welcome: and now to say the truth, I am fit for no man Old men i'th house of fifty, call me Granam; and when they are drunk, e'ne then, when *Joane* and my Lady are all one, not one will do me reason. My little Levit hath forsaken me, his silver sound of Cittern, quite abolisht his dolefull hymnes under my Chamber window, digested into tedious learning: well fool, you leap a haddock when you left him: he is a clean man, and a good edifier, and twenty nobles is his state *de claro*, besides his pigges in *posse*. To this good *Homilist* I have been ever stubborn, which God forgive me for and mend my manners: And love if ever thou hadst care of forty, of such a peece of lape ground hear my prayer, and fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults in this renewed impression of my love, may shew corrected to our gentle Reader.

Enter Roger.

See

See how negligently he passes by me: with what an Equipage Canonical, as though he had broken the heart of *Bellermine*, or added something to the singing Bretheren. Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it: Master Roger,

Rog. Fair Gentlewoman my name is Roger.

Abig. Then gentle Roger.

Rog. Ungentle *Abigal*.

Abig. Why Mr. Roger, will you set your wit to a weak womans?

Rog. You are weak indeed, for so the Poet sings.

Ab. I do confess my weakness sweet Sir Roger.

Rog. Good my Ladies Gentlewoman, or my good Ladies Gentlewoman (this trope is lost to you now) leave your prating, you have a season of your first mother in ye: and surely had the Devil been in love he had been abused like me: Go *Dalila*, you make men fools, and wear fig breeches.

Ab. Well well, well, hard hearted men, you may dilate upon the weak infirmities of women: these are fit texts, but once there was a time, would I had never seen those eyes, those eyes, those Orient eyes.

Rog. I, they were pearls once with you.

Ab. Saving you reverence sir, so they are still.

Ro. Nay, nay, I do beseech you leave your cogging, what they are, they are, they serve without spectacles, I thank um.

Ab. O will you kill me? *Ro.* I do not think I can. Y^rare like a Coppy-hold with nine lives in't.

Ab. You were wont to bear a Christian fear about you: For your own Worship sake.

Ro. I was a Christian fool then: Do you remember what a dance you lead me? how I grew quam'd in love, and was a dunce? could not expound but once a quarter, and then was out too: and then out of the stinking stir you put me in, I praied for my own royal issue: Yo do remember all this? *Ab.* O be as then you were.

Ro. I thank you for it, surely I will be wiser *Abigal*: And as the Ethnick Poets sings, I will not lose my oyle and labour too. Y^rare for the worshipful I take it *Abigal*.

Ab. O take it so, and then I am for thee.

Ro. I like these tears well, and this humbling also; they are Symtomes of contrition, as a Father saith. If should fall into my fit again, would you not shake me into a quotidian Coxcomb? would not you use me scurvily again, and give me possets with purging Comfets in't? I tell thee Gentlewoman, thou hast been harder to me, than a long Chapter with Pedegree. F *Abig.*

The Scornfull Lady.

Abig. O Curate cure me: I will love thee better, dearer, longer, I will do any thing, betray the secrets of the main Household to thy reformation; My Lady shall look lovingly on thy learning; and when due time shall point thee for a Parson, I will convert thy egges to penie custards, and thy tythe goose shall graze and multiply.

Rog. I am mollified, as well shall testifie this faithfull kifs: but have a great care Mistress *Abigall*, how you depresse the Spirit any more with your rebukes and mocks: for certainly the edge of such a folly cuts it self.

Abig. O Sir, you have pierc'd me throw; here I vow a recantation to those malicious faults I ever did against you. Never more will I despise your learning, never more pin cards and Cony-tailes upon your cassock, never again reproch your reverend night-cap & call it by the mangie name of Murrin, never your reverend person more, & say you look like one of *Baalls* Priests in the hanging; never again when you say grace, laugh at you, nor put you out at prayers, never cramp you more with the great Book of Martyrs, nor when you ride get sope & thistles for you. No my *Roger*, these faults shall be corrected and amended, as by the tenour of my tears appeares.

Roger. Now cannot I hold If I should be hang'd I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved *Abigall*, and even do what thou wilt with me sweet, sweet *Abigall*. I am thine own for ever, here's my hand, when *Roger* proves a recreant, hang him i'th Belropes.

Enter Lady and Martha.

L. Why how now Master *Roger*, no prayers down with you to night? Did you here the bell ring? You are courting: your flock shall fat well for it.

Rog. I humbly ask your pardon: Ile chop up prayers (but stay a little) and be with you again. *Exit Rog. Enter El. Lo.*

L. How dare you, being so unworthy a fellow? Presume to come to move me any more?

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

La. What ailes the fellow,

El. Lo. The fellow comes to laugh at you, I tell you Lady, I would not for your land, be such a Coxcomb, such a whining Ass? as you decreed me for when I was last here.

L. I joy to here you are wise, 'tis a rare jewell in an elder brother: pray be wiser yet.

El. Lo. Methinks I am very wise; I do not come wooing, Indeed Ile move no more love to your Ladiship.

La.

The Scornfull Lady.

La. What make you here then?

El. lo. Only to see you and be merry Lady : that's all my business. Faith let's be very merry. Where's little Roger? he's a good fellow, an hour or two well spent in Wholsome mirth, is worth a thousand of these puling passions. 'Tis an ill world for Lovers.

La. They were never fewer.

El. Lo. I thank heaven there's one less for me Lady.

La. You were never any Sir.

El. Lo. Till now, and now I am the pretiest fellow.

La. You talk like a Tailor sir.

El. Lo. Me thinks your faces are no such fine things now.

La. Why did you tell me you were wise? What a lying Age is this? Where will you mend these faces?

El. Lo. A hogs face soust is worth a hundred of um.

La. Sure you had a Sow to your Mother.

El. lo. She brought forth such fine white Pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, Lady:

La. 'Tis well you will allow us our Clergie yet.

El. lo. That will not save you: O that I were in love again with a wish. *La.* By this light y'are a scurvie fellow, pray be gone.

El. lo. You know I am a clean skind man. *La.* Do I know it?

El. lo. Come, come you would know it; that's as good: but not a snap, never long for't, not a snap dear Ladie.

La. Hark ye Sir, hark ye, get ye to the Suburbs, ther's Horse-flesh for such hounds: will you go Sir?

El. lo. Lord how I lov'd this woman, how I worshipt this pretty calf with the white face here: as I live, you were the prettiest fool to play withal, the wittiest little varlet, it would take: Lord how it talk't: and when I angred it, it would cry out, and scratch, and eat no meat, and it would say, go hang.

La. It will say so still if you anger it.

El. lo. And when I ask it if it would be married, it sent me of an errant into *France*, and would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

La. Sir, this is most unmanly, pray be gone.

El. lo. And swear (even when it twittered to be at me) I was unhandsome. *La.* Have you no manners in you?

El. lo. And say my back was melted, when heaven knows, I kept it at a charge: Four *Flanders* Mares would have been easier to me, and a Fencer. *La.* You think all this is true now.

El. Lo. Faith whether it be or no, 'tis too good for you

The Scornfull Lady.

But so much for our mirth. Now have at you in earnest.

La. There's enough sir, I desire no more.

El. Lo. Yes faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now,
And then the Devil take the worst.

La. Pray Sir no more, I am not so much affected with your commendations, tis almost dinner, I know they stay for you at the Ordinary.

El. Lo. E'ne a short Grace, and then I am gone: You are a woman, and the proudest that ever lov'd a Coach. the scornfullest, scurviest, and most senseless woman, the greediest to be prais'd, and never move'd, though it be gross and open: the most envious, that at the poor fame of anothers face, would eat your own, and more than is your own, the paint belonging to it: of such self opinion, that you think none can deserve your glove: and for your malice, you are so excellent, you might have been your tempters Tutor: nay, never cry.

La. Your own heart knows you wrong me: I cry for ye?

El. Lo. You shall before I leave you.

La. Is all this spoke in earnest?

El. Lo. Yes and more, as soon as I can get it out

La. Well, out with't. *El. Lo.* You are: let me see.

La. One that has us'd you with too much respect.

El. Lo. One that has us'd me (since you will have it so) the basest; the most foot-boy like, without respect of what I was, or what you might be by me: you have us'd me as I would use a jade, ride him off's legs, then turn him to the Commons: you have us'd me with discretion, and I thank ye. If you have any more such pretty servants, pray build an Hospital, and when they are old, pray keep um for shame. *La.* I cannot think yet this is serious.

El. Lo. Will you have more on't?

La. No faith there's enough if it be true:
Too much by all part: you are no lover then?

El. Lo. No. I had rather be a Carrier.

La. Why the Gods amend all.

El. Lo. Neither do I think there can be such a fellow found i'th world, to be in love with such a froward woman: if there be such, th'are mad, *Love* comfort um. Now have you all, and I as new a man, as light, as spirated, that I feel my self clean though another creature. O'tis brave to be owns own man, I can see you now as I would see a picture, sit all day by you, and never kiss your hand,
hear

hear you sing and never fall backward : but with as set a temper as I would hear a Fidler, rise & thank you. I can now keep my money in my purses, that still was gadding out for Scarfs and Waistcoats, and keep my hands from mercers sheep skins finely. I can eat Mutton now, and feast my self with two shillings, and can see a Play for eighteen pence again. I can my Lady, I can,

La. The carriage of this fellow vexes me. Sir, pray let me speak a little private with you, I must not suffer this.

El. Lo. Ha, ha, ha, what would you with me ? You will not ravish me ? Now, your set speech ?

La. Thou perjur'd man. *El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha, this a fine *exordium* ? And why I pray you perjur'd ?

La. Did you not swear a thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best of all things ?

El. Lo. I do confess it : make your use of that.

La. Why do you say you do not then ?

El. Lo. Nay Ile swear it.

And give sufficient reason, your own usage.

La. Do you not love me now then ?

El. Lo. No faith.

Did you never think I lov'd you dearly ?

El. Lo. Yes, but I see but rotten fruits on't.

La. Do not deny your hand for I must kiss it, and take my last farewell : now let me die, so you be happy.

El. Lo. I am too foolish : Lady' speak dear Lady.

La. No, let me die.

She swoonds.

Mar. O my sister ! *Abig.* O my Lady. help, help.

Mar. Run for some *Rosajolis*.

El. Lo. I have plaid the fine As: bend her body : Lady, best, dearest, worthiest Lady, hear your servant : I am not as I shew'd. O wretched fool to sling away the jewel of thy life thus. Give her more air ; see, she, begins to stir, sweet Mistress hear me.

La. Is my servant well ? *El. Lo.* In being yours, I am so

La. Then I care not.

El. Lo. How do ye ? Reach a chair there ; I confess my fault not pardonable : in presuming thus upon such tenderness, my willfull error ; but had I known it would have wrought thus with ye, thus straingely, not the world had won me to it, and let not (my best Lady) any word spoke to any end, disturb your quiet peace : For sooner shall you know a general ruine, than my faith broken. Do not doubt this Mistress ; for by my life I cannot live without you.

Come

Come, come, you shall not grieve, rather be angry, and heap affliction me, I will suffer, O I could curse my self, pray smile upon me. Upon my faith it was but a trick to try you, knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely that you would never shew it, though my means was all humility.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. How now?

La. I thank you fine fool for your most fine plot; this was a subtil one, a stiff device to have caught Dottrels with, good senseless Sir, could you imagin I should swoun for you and know your self to be an arrant Ass? I ha' discovered one. Tis quit, I thank you Sir, Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Take heed Sir, she may chance to swoun again,

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Abig. Step to her, see how she changes colour.

El. Lo. Ile go to hell first, and better welcome.

I am fool'd, I do confesse it, finely fool'd:

Lady, fool'd Madam, and I thank you for it.

La. Faith 'tis not so much worth Sir;

But if I knew when you come next a burding.

Ile have a stronger noose to hold the Woodcock.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

El. Lo. I am glad to see you merry, pray laugh on.

Mar. Had a hard heart could not laugh at you.

La. You'l anger him,

And then hee'l raile like a rude Costermonger,

That School-boyes had cozened of his Apples.

As loud and senseless.

El. Lo. I will not raile.

Mar. Faith then let's hear him Sister.

El. Lo. Yes you shall hear me.

La. Shall we be the better by it then?

El. lo. No, he that makes a woman better by his words,
Ile have him Sainted: blowes will not do it.

La. By this light he'l beat us, *El. lo.* You do deserve it richly:
And you may live to have a Bead'e do it.

La. Now he railes

El. lo. Come scornful folly,
If this be railing, you shall hear me raile.

La. Pray put it in good words then.

El. lo. The worst are good enough for such a trifle,
Such a proud peece of Cobweb-law. *La.* You bite Sir.

El. lo. I would, till the bones crack, and I had my will.

Mar.

Mar. We had best muzzle him, he growes mad.

El. Lo. I would 'twere lawfull in the next great sickness to have the Dogges spated, those harmeles creatures, and knock i'th head these hot continual plagues, women, that are more infectious. I hope the State will think on't.

La. Are you well Sir?

Mar. He looks as though he had a grievous fit o'th Cholick.

El. lo. Green-ginger will cure me. *Ab.* Ile heat a trencher for him

El. lo. Durty *Decemler*, do: Thou with a face as old as *Erra Pater*, such a prognostication nose; thou thing that ten years since has left to be a woman, out worn the expectation of a Baud, and thy drie bones can reach at nothing now, but gords or nine-pins, pray go fetch a trencher, go.

La. Let him alone he's crackt.

Ab. Ile see him hang'd first, he's a beastly fellow to use a woman of my breeding thus; I marry is a: would I were a man, I'd make him eat his knaves words.

El. lo. Tie your she Otter up, good Lady folly, foh, she stinkes worse than a Bear-baiting.

Lady. Why will you be angry now?

El. lo. Go paint and purge, call in your kennel with you: you a Lady?

Ab. Sirrah, look to't against the quarter Sessions, if there be good behavior in the world, Ile have thee bound to it.

El. lo. You must not seek it in your Ladies house then; pray send this Ferret home, and spin good *Abigall*; and Madam, that your Ladiship may know, in what base manner ye have us'd my service, I do from this hour hate ye heartily; and though your folly should whip you to repentance, and waken you at length to see my wrongs, tis not the endeavour of your life can win me, not all the friends you have make intercession, nor your submissive letters: though they spoke as many tears as words; not your knees grown to'th ground in penitence, nor all your state to kiss you; nor my pardon and will to give you Christian burial, if you die thus; so farewell, When I am married, and made sure, Ile come and visit you again, and vex you Lady. By all my hopes, Ile be a torment to you, worse than a tedious Winter. I know you will recant and sue to be, but save that labour. Ile rather love a fever and continual thirst, rather contract my youth to drink, and sacredote upon quarells, or take a drawn Whore from an Hospital, that time, disease, and *Mercury* had eaten, than be drawn to love you.

The Scornful Lady.

La. Ha, ha, ha, pray do, but take heed though.

El. Lo. From thee, false dice, Jades, Cowards, and plaguy Summers, good Lord deliver me, *Exit elder Lovelesse.*

La. But hark your servant, hark ye: is he gone? call him again.

Abig. Hang him Padock.

La. Art thou here still? flie, flie, and call my servant, flie, or nere see me more.

Abig. I had rather knit again than see that Rascall, but I must do it. *Exit Abigal.*

La. I would be loath to anger him too much; what fine foolery is this in a woman, to use those men most frowardly they love most? If I should lose him thus, I were rightly served. I hope he's not so much himself, to take it to th' heart. How now? Will he come back?

Abig. Never he swears while he can hear men say there's any woman living: he swore he would ha' me first.

La. Didst thou intreat him wench?

Abig. As well as could Madam. But this is still your way, to love being absent, and when he's with you, laugh at him, and abuse him. There's another way, if you could hit on't.

La. Thou saiest true, get me paper, pen and ink, Ile write to him I'de be loath he should sleep in's anger.

Women are most fools when they think th'are wisest *Ex. omnes.*

Musick. Enter young Loveless and Widow going to be Married with them his Comrades.

Wid. Pray Sir cast of these fellows, as unfitting for your bare knowledge, and far more your Company: is't fit such Ragmuffins as these are, should beat the name of Friends, and furnish out a civill house? Y'are to be married now, and men that love you, must expect a course farre from your old carriage: if you will keep um, turn um to'th stable, and there make um grooms: and yet now I consider it, such beggars once set a horseback, you have heard will ride, how far you had best look to.

Cap. Hear you, you that must be Lady, pray content your self, and think upon your carriage soon at night, what dressing will best take your Knight, what waistcoat, what cordiall will do well i'th morning for him, what triers have you?

Wid. What do you mean Sir?

Cap. Those that must swich him up: if he start well. fear not; but cry Saint George, and bear him hard: when you preceive his
wind

wind growes hot and wanting, let him a little down, he's fleet,
nere doubt him, and stand sound.

Wid. Sir, you hear these fellowes?

To. Lo. Merry companions, wench, merry companions.

Wid. To one another let um be companions, but good fir not
to you: You shall be civil, and slip off these base trappings.

Cap. He shall not need, my most sweet Lady Grocer, if he be
civil, not your powdred Sugar, nor your rotten Reasons, shall per-
swade the Captain to live a Coxcomb with him; let him be civil
and feed i'th *Arches*, and see what will come on't.

Poet. Let him be civil, do: undo him: I, that's the next way.
I will not take (if he be civil once) two hundred pounds a year to
live with him: be civil, there is a trim perswasion!

Cap. If thou be'st civil Knight, as *Jove* defend it, get thee ano-
ther nose, that will be pul'd off by the angry boyes for thy conver-
sion: the children thou shalt get on this Civilian, cannot inherit by
the law, th'are *Ethnicks*, and all thy sport meer mortal lechery: when
they are grown, having but little in 'um, they may prove Hader-
dashers, or gross Grocers, like their dear Dam there: prethee be
civil Knight, in time thou mayst read to thy household, and be drunk
once a year: this would shew finely.

To. Lo. I wonder sweet heart, you will offer this, you do not un-
derstand these Gentlemen: I will be short and pithy: I had rather
cast you off by the way of charge, these are creatures that nothing
goes to the maintenance of, but corn and water. I will keep these
fellowes just in the competency of two Hens.

Wid. If you can cast it so fir, you have my liking,: if they eat less,
I should not be offended. But how these Sir, can live upon so lit-
tle as corn and water, I am unbelieving.

To. Lo. Why prethee sweet heart, what's your Ale? Is not that
corn and water, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I but my sweet Knight, where's the meat to this, and
clothes, that they must look for?

To. Lo. In this short sentence, *Ale*, is all included, Meat, Drink,
and Cloth; These are no ravening Footmen, no fellows that at Or-
dinaries do eat their eighteen pence thrice out before they rise, and
yet go hungry to a Play, and crack more nuts than would suffice a
dozen Squirrels; besides the din which is damnable: I had rather
rail, and be confin'd to a bear-baiting, than live among such Ras-
cals: these are people of such a clean discretion in their diet, so such
a moderate sustenance, that they swear if they but smell hot meat,

Perrenge is poyson, they hate a Kitchin as they hate a Counter, and shew um but a Fetherbed they swoond. Ale is ther eating and their drinking surely, when keeps their bodies clear and soluble. Bread is a binder, and for that abolisht even in their Ale, whose lost room fills an Apple, which is more air, and of subtiler nature. The rest they take is little, and that little is little easie: For like stri& men of Order, they do correct their bodies with a bench, or a poor stubborn Table: if a chimney offer it self with some few broken rushes, they are in Down: when they are sick; that's drunk, they may have fresh straw, else they do despise these worldly pamperings. For their poor apparel, 'tis worn out to the diet: new they seek none; and if a man should offer, they are angry, scarce to be reconcil'd again with him: you shall not hear um ask me a cast doubt once in a year: which is modesty besitting my poor friends. You see their *wardrobe*, though slender, competent: For shirts, I take it, they are things worn out of their remembrance. Louzy they will be when they list, and mangy, which shews a fine variety: and then to cur'em a Tanners lime-pit, which is little charge, to Dogs, and these, these two may be cur'd for three pence.

Wid. You have half perswaded me, pray use your pleasure: and my good friends, since I do know your diet, Ile take an order, meat shall not offend you, you shall have Ale.

Cap. We ask no more, let it be mighty Lady; and if we perish, then our own sins on us.

Yo. Lo. Come forward Gentlemen, to Church my boys, when we have done, Ile give you chear in bowles.

Exeunt

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTUS. 5. SCENA. I.

Enter Elder Loveless.

Eld. Lo. This senseless woman vexes me toth heart, she will not from my memory: would she were a man for one two hours, that I might beat her. If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous, 'thad been an even lay, she might have scorn'd me; but to be yong, and by this light, I think as proper as the proudest, made as clean, as I straight, as strong backt; means and manners equal with the best cloth of silver, fir, i'th kingdom: but these are things at sometimes of the moon below the cut of canvas: sure she has some meaching rascal in her house, some hinde, that she hath seen bear (like another *Milo*) quarters of malt upon his back, and sing with it, thrash all day, and i'th evening in his stockins stripe up a hornpipe, and there stinke

two hour, and nere a whie the worse man : these are they, these steel
thind rascals, that undo us all. Would I had been a Carter, or a
Coachman, I had done the deed ere this time. *Enter Servant.*

Serv. Sir, there's a Gentleman without would speak with you.

El. Lo. Bid him come in.

Enter Welford.

Wel. By your leave sir.

El. Lo. You are welcome, what's your will sir?

Wel. Have you forgotten me?

El. Lo. I do not much remember you.

Wel. You must sir. I am the Gentleman you pleased to wrong
in your disguise, I have inquired you out.

El. Lo. I was disguised indeed sir, if I wrong'd you, pray where?
and when? *Wel.* In such a Ladies house, I need not name her.

El. Lo. I do remember you, you seem'd to be a Suiter to that Lady.

Wel. If you remember this, do not forget how scurvily you us'd
me : that was no place to quarrel in, pray you think of it : if you
be honest, you dare fight with me, without more urging, else I
must provoke yee.

El. Lo. Sir I dare fight, but never for a woman; I will not have
lier in my cause, she is mortal, and so is not my anger, if you have
brought a noble subject for our swords, I am for you, in this I would
be loath to prick my finger. And where you say I wrong'd you,
'tis so far from my profession, that amongst my fears, to do wrong
is the greatest : credit me, we have been both abused (not by our
selves, for that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice, and may with man
enough be left forgotten) but by that wilful, scornful peece of ha-
tred, that much forgetful Lady : For whose sake, if we should leave
our reason, and run on upon our sense, like Rams, the little world
of good men would laugh at us, and despise us, fixing upon our de-
perate memories, the never-worn out names of Fools and Fen-
cers. Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason makes me to tell you ; in this I
had rather help you sir, then hurt you, and you shall finde it, though
you throw your self into as many dangers as she offers, though you
redeem her lost name every day, - and find her out new honors
with your sword, you shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

Wel. I ask you mercy sir, you have tane my edge off : yet I
would fain be even with this Lady.

El. Lo. In which Ile be your helper : We are two, and they are
two: two sisters, rich alike, onely the elder hath the prouder Dowry:
In troth I pittie this disgrace in you, yet of mine own I am senseless:
do but follow my counsel, and Ile pawn my spirit, we'll over-reach

em yet, the means is this.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman will needs speak with you, I cannot keep her out, she's entred sir.

El. Lo. It is the waiting-woman, pray be not seen : Sirrah hold her in discourse a while : hark in your ear, go and dispatch it quickly, when I come in, Ile tell you all the project.

Wel. I care not which I have.

Exit Welford.

El. Lo. Away, 'tis done, she must not see you : now Lady Gwiniver, what news with you ?

Enter Abigail.

Abi. Pray leave these frumps sir, and receive his letter.

El. Lo. From whom, good vanity ?

Abig. 'Tis from my Lady sir : Alas good soul, she cries and takes on.

El. Lo. Does she so good soul ? Would she not have a Cawdle ? Do's she send you with your fine Oratory goody Tully to tie me to believe again ? Bring out the Cat-hounds, Ile make you take a tree whore, then with my Tiller bring down your Gibship, and then have you cas'd, and hang up i'th Warren.

Abig. I am no beast sir, would you knew it.

El. Lo. Wo'd I did, for I am yet very doubtful : What will you say now ?

Abig. Nothing not I.

El. Lo. Art thou a woman, and say nothing ?

Abig. Unless you'll hear me with more moderation : I can speak wise enough.

El. Lo. And loud enough : will your Lady love me ?

Ab. It seems so by her letter and her lamentations ; but you are such another man.

El. Lo. Not such another as I was, Mumps, nor will not be : Ile read her fine Epistle : Ha, ha, ha, is not thy Mistress mad ?

Abig. For you she will be, 'tis a shame you should use a poor Gentlewoman so untowardly ; she loves the ground you tread on ; and you (hard heart) because she jested with you, mean to kill her ; 'tis a fine conquest as they say.

El. Lo. Hast thou so much moisture in thy whitleather hide yet, that thou canst cry ? I would have sworn thou hadst been Touchwood five years since, Nay, let it rain, thy face chops for a shower like a dry Dunghill.

Abig. Ile not indure this Ribauldry ; farewell i'th devils name : If my Lady dy, Ile be sworn before a Jury thou art the cause on't.

El. Lo. Do Maukin, do, deliver to your Lady from me this, I mean to see her, if I have no other business : which before Ile want to
come

The Scornful Lady.

come to her, I mean to go seek birds nests : yet I may come too : but if I come, from this door till I see her, will I think how to rail vilely at her, how to vex her, and make her cry so much, that the Physician, if she fall upon't, shall want urine to finde the cause by : and she remediless die in her heresie : Farewel old Adage, I hope to see the Boys make pot-guns on thee.

Abig. Th'art a vile man, God bless my issue from thee.

El. Lo. Thou hast but one, that's in thy left crupper, that makes thee hobble so, you must be ground i'th breech like a top, you'l neer spin well else : Farewel Fychock.

Exeunt.

Enter Lady alone.

Lady. Is it not strange that every Womans will should track out new ways to disturb her self ? If I should call my reason to account, it cannot answer why I keep my self from mine own wish ; and stop the man I love from his ; and every hour repent again, yet still go on : I know 'tis like a man that wants his natural sleep, and growing dull would gladly give the remnant of his life for two hours rest, yet through his frowardness, will rather chuse to watch another man, drowsie as he, then take his own repose : All this I know : yet a strange peevishness and anger, not to have the power to do things unexpected, carries me away to mine own ruine : I had rather die sometimes, then not disgrace in publick him whom people think I love, and do't with oaths, and am in earnest then. O what are we ! Men, you must answer this, that dare obey such things as we command. How now, what news ?

Enter Abigal.

Abig. Faith Madam, none worth hearing.

La. Is he not come ?

Abig. No truly.

Lady. Nor has he writ ?

Abig. Neither. I pray God you have not undone your self.

Lady. Why, but what says he ?

Abig. Faith he talks strangely.

Lady. How strangely ?

Abig. First at your letter he laught extreemly.

Lady. What, in contempt ?

Abig. He laught monstrous loud, as he would die, and when you wrot it, I think you were in no such merry mood, to provoke him that way : and having done, he cried alas for her, and violently laught again.

Lady. Did he ?

Abig. Yes, till I was angry.

Lady. Angry, why ? Why wert thou angry ? He does but well, I did deserve it, he had been a fool, an unfit man for any one to love, had he not laught thus at me : You were angry, that shewed your folly ; I shall love him more for that, then all that ere he did before ; but said he nothing else ?

Ab.

Ab. Many uncertain things he said : though you had mockt him because you were a woman, he could wish to do you so much favour as to see you : yet he said, he knew you rash, and was loath to offend you with the sight of one, whom now he was bound not to leave.

Lady. What one was that ?

Ab. I know not, but truly I do fear there is a making up there : for I heard the servants, as I past by some, whisper such a thing : and as I came back through the Hall, there were two or three Clerks writing great Conveyances in hast, which they said were for their Miltress Jointer.

La. Tis very like and fit it should be so, for he does think, and reasonably think, that I should keep him with my idle trickes for ever ere he be married.

Ab. At last he said, it should go hard, but he would see you for your satisfaction.

La. All we that are call'd woman know as well as men, it were a far more noble thing to grace where we are grac't, and give respect there where we are respected : yet we practise a wilder course, and never bend our eyes on men with pleasure, til they find the way, to give us a neglect : then we, too late perceive the loss of what we might have had, and dote till death.

Exit Martha.

Mar. Sister, yonders your servant with a gentlewoman with him.

La. Where ?

Mar. Close at the door.

La. Ah ! Alas I am undone, I fear he is betroth'd ; What kind of woman is she ?

Mar. A most ill favoured one, with her masque on : And how her face should mend the rest, I know not.

La. But yet her mind was of a milder stuff then mine was.

Enter Eld. Loveless, and Welford in womans apparel.

La. Now I see him if my heart swell not again (away thou Womans pride) so that I cannot speak a gentle word to him, let me

El. Lo. By your leave here

(not live.

Lady. How now, what new trick invites you hither ? Ha' you a fine device again ?

El. Lo. Faith this is the finest device I have now : How dost thou sweet heart ?

Wel. Why very well, so long as I may please You my dear lover, I nor can, nor will, Be ill when you are well, well when you are ill.

El. Lo. O thy sweet temper : What would I have given that Lady had been like thee : seest thou her ? that face (my love) joyn'd with

thy

The Scornful Lady.

thy humble mind, had made a Wench indeed.

Wel. Alas my loue, what God hath done, I dare not think to mend
I use no paint, not any drugs of art, my hands and face will shew it.

La. Why what thing have you brought to shew us there? do you
take money for it?

El. Lo. A thing not to be bought for money: 'tis my Mistress,
in whom there is no passion, nor no scorn: what I will is her law:
pray you salute her.

La. Salute her? By this good light I would not kiss her for half
my wealth.

El. Lo. Why? Why pray you?

You shall see me do't afore you; look you.

La. Now fie upon thee, a beast would not have don't, I would
not kiss thee of a month to gain a kingdom.

El. Lo. Marry you shall not be troubled.

La. Why was there ever such a Meg as this?
Sure thou art mad.

El. Lo. I was mad once when I lov'd pictures; for what are shape
and colour else but pictures? In that tawny Hide there lies an end-
less mass of vertues, when all your red and white ones want it.

La. And this is she you are to marry, is't not?

El. Lo. Yes indeed is't.

La. God give you joy.

El. Lo. Amen.

Wel. I thank you, though unknown, for your good wish:
The like to you when ever you shall wed.

El. Lo. O gentle spirit. *La.* You thank me? I pray
Keep your breath nearer you, I do not like it.

Wel. I would not willingly offend at all,
Much less a Lady of your worthy part.

El. Lo. Sweet, sweet.

La. I do not think this Woman can by nature be thus,
Thus ugly; sure she's some common Strumpet.
deform'd with exercise of sin.

Wel. O sir, believe not this, for heaven to comfort me, as I am
free from foul pollution with any man; my honor tane away, I am
no woman.

El. Lo. Arise my dearest soul, I do not credit it. Alas, I fear her
tender heart will break with this reproach: fie, that you know no
more civility to a weak virgin. 'Tis no matter sweet, let her say
what she will, thou art not worse to me, and therefore not at all:
be careless.

Wel. For all things else I would, but for mine honor, Me thinks.

El. Lo. Alas, thine honor is not stain'd;

Is this the business that you sent for me about?

Mar. Faith sister, you are much too blame, to use a Woman, whatsoe're she be, thus; Ile salute her: You are welcome hither.

Wel. I humbly thank you.

El.Lo. Milde yet, as the Dove, for all these injuries. Come, shall we go? I love thee not so ill, as to keep thee here a jesting-stock.

Adieu to the worlds end. *La.* Why, whither now?

El.Lo. Nay, you shall never know, because you shal never find me.

La. I pray let me speak with you. *El.Lo.* 'Tis very well: come.

La. I pray you let me speak with you. *El.Lo.* Yes, for another mock. *La.* By heaven I have no mock: good sir, a word.

El.Lo. Though you deserve not so much at my hands, yet if you be in such earnest, Ile speak a word with you; but I beseech you be brief: for in good faith there's a Parson and a Licence stay for us i'th Church all this while, and you know 'tis night.

La. Sir, give me hearing patiently, and whatsoever I have heretofore spoken jestingly, forget: for as I hope for mercy any where, what I shall utter now, is from my heart, and as I mean.

El.Lo. Well, well; what do you mean?

La. Was not I once your Mistriss, and you my Servant?

El.Lo. O, 'tis about the old matter.

La. Nay, good sir stay me out; I would but hear you excuse yourself, why you should take this woman, and leave me.

El.Lo. Prithee why not, deserves she not as much as you?

La. I think not, if you wil look with an indifferency upon us both.

El.Lo. Upon your faces, 'tis true, but if judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your mindes, you are a thousand women of her in worth, she cannot swoon in jest, nor set her Lovers tasks, to shew her peevishness, and his affection, nor cross what he says, though it be Canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty Boys to throw the sledge, & lift at pigs of Lead: and for a wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie a bed and get 'um? your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat, when she can do a thousand profitable things: she can do pretty well in the Pastry, & knows how Pullen must be cram'd, she cuts Cambrick at a threed, weaves Bone-lace, and quilts Balls admirably. And what are you good for?

La. Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear your self?

El.Lo. Forswear my self! How?

La. Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable Oathes you have uttered,

uttered, in disclaiming all for wives but me.

El. lo. Nay, but conceive me; the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodging to morrow: Divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind, or he hid him where my diligent search could not find him: so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagined I meant to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

La. Alas you need not, I make already tender of my self, and then you are forsworn.

El. Lo. Some sin I see indeed must necessarily fall upon me, as whosoever deals with women, shall never utterly avoid it: yet I would chuse the least ill: which is, to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant women; contemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I had been past getting of children, then her that hath forsaken her family, and put her tender body in my hand, upon my word.

La. Which of us swore you first to? *El. lo.* Why to you.

La. Which oath is to be kept then?

El. lo. I prethee do not urge my sins unto me, Without I could amend um: *La.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

El. Lo. How will that satisfie my word to her?

La. 'Tis not to be kept, and needs no satisfaction.

'Tis an error fit for repentance only.

El. lo. Shall I live to wrong that tender hearted virgin so? It may be not.

La. Why may it not be?

El. lo. I swear I had rather marry thee then her: but yet mine honesty?

La. What honesty? 'Tis more preserv'd this way. Come by this light servant thou shalt, Ile kill thee on't.

El. lo. This kiss indeed is sweet, pray God no sin lie under it.

La. There's no sin at all try but another.

Wel. O my heart.

Mar. Help Sister, this Lady swoones.

El. lo. How do you? *Wel.* Why very well, if you be so, a most ungodly thing. *El. lo.* Hear me one word more, which by all my hopes I will not alter; I did make an oath, when you delaid me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay suddenly, as late as it is, with your own Minister to your own Chappel. Ile wed you, and to bed.

La. A match dear servant.

El. lo. For if you should forsake me now, I care not, she would not though for all her injuries, such is her spirit, if I be not ashamed to kiss her now I part, may I not live.

Wel. I see you go, as slyly as you think to steal away, yet I will pray for you; All blessings of the world light on you two, that you may live to be an aged pair. All curses on me, if I do not speak what I do wish indeed.

El. lo. If I can speak to purpose to her, I am a villain.

La. Servant away.

Mar. Sister, will you marry that inconstant man? Think you he will not cast you off to morrow; to wrong a Lady thus, look't she like dirt, 'twas basely done. May you nere prosper with him.

Wel. Now God forbid. Alas I was unworthy, so I told him.

Mar. That was your modesty too good for him:
I would not see your Wedding for a world.

La. Chuse, chuse, come *Younglove..* *Ex. La. El. lo.*

Mar. Dry up your eyes forsooth,, you shall not think we are all uncivill. Would I knew how to give you a revenge.

Wel. So would not I: no let me suffer truly, that I desire.

Mar. Pray walk in with me, 'tis very late, and you shall stay all night: your bed shall be no worse then mine; I wish I could but do you right.

Wel. My humble thanks:
God grant I may but live to quit your love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Loveless and Savill.

To. lo. Did your Master send for me *Savill*?

Sav. Yes, he did send for your Worship Sir.

To. lo. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas sir, I know nothing, nor am imploi'd beyond my hours of eating. My dancing daies are done sir.

To. lo. What art thou now then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am with your Worships reverence Sir, a Rascal; one that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a sconce by the high way, and sell switches: My Wife is now a learning to weave Inle.

To. lo. What does thou mean to do with thy children *Savill*?

Sa. My eldest Boy is half a Rogue already, he was born bursten, and your worship knowes, that's a pretty step to mens compassions: My youngest Boy I purpose Sir to binde for ten years to a Jaylor, to draw under him, that he may shew us mercy in his function.

To. lo. Your family is quartred with discretion; you are resolved to Cant then: Where *Savill* shall your Scene lie?

Sav.

The Scornful Lady.

Sa. Beggars must be no choosers ;
In every place (I take it) but the stocks.

Yo. lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, *Savil* ;
Itold you of it, but your heart was hardned.

Sav. Tis true, you were the first that told me of it indeed ; I do remember yet intreates ; you told me you would have whores, and in that passion sir, you broke out thus ; Thou miserable man , repent, and brew three strikes more in a hogshhead ; Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time can tarry for no man.

Yo. lo. Y'are grown a better Gentleman. I see misery can clear your head better then mustard. Ile be a Sutor for your Keyes again Sir.

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me sir, I shall be bound.

Yo. lo. You shall Sir, to your Bunch again, or I miss foully.

Enter Morecraft.

More. Save you Gentlemen, save you.

Yo. lo. Now Polcat, what young Rabbets nest have you to draw ?

More. Come prethee be famillier Knight.

Yo. lo. Away Fox, Ile send for Terriers for you.

More. Thou art wild yet : Ile keep the company.

Yo. lo. I am about some business ; Indenturs,
If you follow me Ile beat you ; take heed,
As I live Ile cancel your Coxcomb.

More. Thou art cozen'd now, I am no Usurer.
What poor fellow's this ? *Sav.* I am poor indeed sir.

More. give him money Knight.

Yo. lo. Do you begin the offering.

More. There poor fellow, here's an angel for thee.

Yo. lo. Art thou in earnest *Morecraft* ?

More. Yes faith Knight, Ile follow thy example: thou hadst land, and thousands, thou spentst and flungst away , and yet it flowes in double : I purchas'd, wrung and wier-draw'd for my wealth, lost and was cozen'd : for which I make a vow , to try all the waies above ground, but Ile finde a constant meanes to riches without curses.

Yo. lo. I am glad of your conversion Mr. *Morecraft*.
Y'are in a fair course, pray persue it still.

Mo. Come. we are all Gallants now, Ile keep thee company : here honest fellow, for this gentlemans sake, ther's 2 angels more for thee

Sav. Heaven quite you Sir, and keep you long in this mind.

Yo. lo. Wilt thou persevere ?

More. Till I have a peny, I have brave clothes a making, and two horses, canst thou help me to a match Knight ? Ile lay a thou-

The Scornful Lady.

thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

To Lo. Foot, this is stranger then an *Affrick* monster;
There will be no more talk of wars
Whilst this lasts ; come, Ile put thee into blood.

Sav. Would all this damn'd Tribe were as tender hearted , I
beseech you let this Gentleman joyn with you in the recovery of
my keyes ; I like his good beginning fir, the whilst Ile pray for both
your Worships. *To. lo.* He shall fir.

More. Shall we go noble Knight ? I would fain be acquainted.

To. lo. Ile be your servant Sir.

Exeunt.

Enter Eld. Loveless and Lady.

El. lor Faith my sweet Lady, I have caught you now, maugre your
subtilties and fine devices ; be coy again now.

La. Prethee sweet heart tell true

El. lo. By this light, by all the pleasures I have had this night, by
your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd meerly, I have cast beyond
your wit. That Gentle man is your retainer *Welford*.

La. It cannot be so.

El. lo. Your Sister has found it so, or I mistake, marke how she
blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha, I shall not travel, now, ha,
ha, ha. *La.* Prethee sweet heart, be quiet, thou hast angered me at
heart. *El. lo.* Ile please you soon again. *La. Welford.*

El. lo. I *Welford*, hee's a young handsome fellow, well bred and
landed : your Sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I
by this time. *La.* Uds foot, am I fetch't over thus ?

El. lo. Yes faith. And over shall be fetcht again, never fear it.

La. I must be patient, though it torture me :

You have got the Sun Sir.

El. lo. And the Moon too, in which Ile be the man.

La. But had I known this, had I but surmiz'd it, you should have
hunted three traines more before you had come to'th course ; you
should have hankt it o'th bridle Sir, I faith.

El. lo. I knew it, and min'd with you ; and so blew you up.
Now you may see the Gentlewoman : stand close.

Enter Welford and Martha.

Mar. For Gods sake fir, be private in this business.
You have undone me else. O heaven what have I done

Wel. No harme I warrant thee.

Mar. How shall I look upon my friend again, with what face ?

Wel. Why e'ne with this : 'tis a good one, thou canst not finde a
better : look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall
finde

The Scornfull Lady.

finde um smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and to your thinking honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or dare do Mistresses, and yet they keep no stirre.

Mar. Good Sir go in, and put your womas cloathes on : If you be seen thus I am lost for ever.

Wel. Ile watch you for that Mistress : I am no fool; here will I tarry till the house be up, and witness with me.

Mar. Good dear friend go in.

Wel. To bed again if you please, else I am fixt here till there be notice taken who I am, and what I have done : If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your companie, all this would be forsworn, and I again an Asinego, as your sister left me. No, Ile have it known and publisht; then if you'll be a whore forsake me and be ashamed, and when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast *Cleave Captain*, and sell Bottle-Ale

Mar. I dare not stay Sir, use me modestly, I am your wife.

Wel. Go in Ile make up all.

El. lo. Ile be a witness of your naked truth sir: this is the Gentlewoman, prethee look upon him, this is he that made me brake my faith, sweet: but thank your sister, she hath sodered it.

La. What a dull Ass was I, I could not see this *Welford* from a wench: twenty to one if I had been tender like my sister, he had served me such a slippery trick too.

Wel. Twenty to one I had.

El. lo. I would have watcht you sir, by your good patience, for Ferriting in my ground.

La. You have been with my sister.

Wel. Yes to bring.

El. lo. An heir into the world he meanes.

La. There is no chafing now.

Wel. I have had my part on't: I have been chaste this three hours that's the least, I am reasonable cool now.

La. Cannot you fare well, but you must crie Roast-meat?

Wel. He that fares well, and will not bless the Founders, is either surfeited, or ill taught. Lady, for my own part, I have found so sweet a Diet, I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

El. lo. How like you this dish *Welford*. I made a supper on't, and fed so heartily, I could not sleep.

La. By this light, had I but sented out your train, ye had slept with a bare pillow in your armes, and kiss that, or else the bed-post for any wife you had got this twelve-month yet: I would have vex

The Scornful Lady.

you more then a tyr'd Post-horse, and been longer bearing ; then ever after-game at *Irish* was. Lord that I were unmarried again.

El. lo. Lady, I would not undertake yee, were you again a Haggard, for the best cast of Ladies i'th kingdome: you were ever tickle-footed, and would not truffle round.

Wel. Is she fast ? *El. lo.* She was all night lockt here boy.

Wel. Then you may lure her without fear of losing : take off her Cranes : you have a delicate Gentlewoman to you Sister. Lord what a pretty furie she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man: but I think I satisfied her scruple, without the Parson o'th Town.

El. lo. What did yee ?

Wel. Madam, can you tell what you did ?

El. lo. She has a shrewd guesse at it I see it by her.

La. Well you may mock us ; but my large Gentlewoman, my *Mary Ambree*, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow fitter a great deal for your itch.

Wel. I thank you Lady, methought it was well,
You are so curious.

Enter Young Loveless, his Lady, Morecraft, Savill, and two Serving-men.

E lo. Get on your Doublet, here comes my brother.

To. lo. Good morrow brother, and all good to your Lady.

More. God save you, and good morrow to you all.

El. lo. Good morrow. Here's a poor brother of yours.

La. Fie, how this shames me.

More. Prethee good fellow help me to a cup of Beer.

Ser. I will Sir.

To. lo. Brother, what make you here ? Will this Lady do ? Will she ? is she not netled still ? *El. lo.* No, I have cur'd her.
Mr. Welford. pray know this Gentleman, he is my brother.

Wel. Sir, I shall long to love him.

To. lo. I shall not be your debtor sir. But how is't with you ?

El. lo. As well as may be man, I am married : your new acquaintance hath her sister, and all's well.

To. lo. I am glad on't. Now my pretty Lady Sister.
How do you find my brother ?

La. Almost as wild as you are.

To. lo. He'l make the better Husband : you have tried him ?

La. Against my will sir.

To. lo. He'l make you well amends soon, do not doubt it;
But Sir, I must intreat you to be better known.

The Scornful Lady.

To this converted *Jew* here.

Ser. Here's Beer for you sir.

More. And here's for you an Angel.

Pray buy no land, 'twill never prosper Sir.

El. lo. How's this?

Yo. lo. Bless you, and then Ile tell you : he's turned Gallant.

El. lo. Gallant?

Yo. lo. I Gallant, and is now called, *Cutting Morecraft*,

The reason Ile informe you at more leasure.

Wel. O good Sir, let me know him presently.

Yo. lo. You shall hug one another.

More. Sir, I must keep you company

El. lo. And reason.

Yo. lo. *Cutting Morecraft* faces about, I must present another.

More. As many as you will Sir, I am for um.

Wel. Sir, I shall do you service.

More. I shall look for't in good faith Sir.

El. lo. Prethee sweet heart kiss him.

La. Who's that fellow?

Sav. Sir, will it please you to remember me : my keys good sir.

Yo. lo. Ile do it presently.

El. lo. Come, thou shalt kiss him for our sport sake.

La. Let him come on then ; and do you hear, do not instruct me in t ricks, for you may repent it.

El. lo. That at my peril. Lusty Mr. *Morecraft*,
Here is a Lady would salute you.

More. She shall not lose her longing sir : What is she?

El. lo. My Wife sir.

More. She must be then my Mistress.

La. Must I sir?

El. lo. O Yes, you must.

More. And you must weare this Ring, a poor pawn
Of some fifty pound.

El. lo. Take it by any means, 'tis a lawful prize.

La. Sir, I shall call you servant.

More. I shall be proud on'r. What fellowes that?

Yo. lo. My Ladies Coachman.

More. there's something (my friend) for you to buy whips,
And for you Sir, and you Sir.

El. lo. Under a miracle this is the strangest I ever heard of.

More. What, shall we play, or drink? What shall we do?

Who will hunt with me for an hundred pounds?

Well. Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

Yo. lo. Sir, I have a suit unto you.

Concerning

Concerning your old servant *Savill*.

El. lo. O, for his Keyes. I know it. *Sav.* Now Sir, strike in

More. Sir, I must have you grant me.

El. lo. Tis done Sir, take your keyes again :

But hark you *Savill*, leave off the motions
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall graze again :
He rry you once again.

Sav. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,
Take off the biggest Key i'th bunch, and open
My head with it fir : I humbly thank your Worship.

El. lo. Nay then I see we must keep holiday.
Here's the last couple in Hell.

*Enter Roger
and Abigail.*

Ro. Joy be among you all.

La. Why how now fir, what is the meaning of this Emblem ?

Ro. Marriage an't like your Worship.

La. Are you married ?

Ro. As fast as the next Priest could do it, Madam.

El. lo. I think the sign's in *Gemini*, here's such coupling.

Wel. Sir, *Roger*, what will you take to lie from your sweet-heart
to night ?

Ro. Not the best Benefice in your worships gift Sir.

Wel. A who son, how he swels.

To. lo. How many times to night, Sir *Roger* ?

Ro. Sir, you grow scurrilous :

What I shall do, I shall do ; I shall not need your help.

To. Lo. For Horse flesh *Roger*.

El. lo. Come, prethee be not angry, 'tis a day
Given wholly to our mirth.

La. It shall be so Sir ; Sir *Roger* and his Bride,
We shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. lo. *Welford* get you to the Church : by this light
You shall not lie with her again, till y'are married.

Wel. I am gone.

More. To every Bride I dedicate this day ;
Six healths a peece, and it shall go hard,
But every one a jewel : Come, be mad boyes.

El. lo. Th'art in a good beginning : Come, who leads ?
Sir *Roger*, you shall have the *Van*, and lead the way,
Would every dogged Wench had such a day.

